# The Centre Reporter.

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## THE CENTRE REPORTER.


FRED. KURTZ, EDITOR and PROP'R.


It is about time Gen. Beaver announces for Blaine. In this thing the people of his party are leading the leaders.

A Women's suffrage convention has recently decided to defeat any Presidential candidate who is not all right on the women suffrage question.

Wade in, Siss, is the REPORTER's advice.

The Supreme Court has decided that church properties are not liable to tax for municipal Governments.

The Williamsport *Bulletin*, Republican, talks plain sense when it says: "Senator Logan killed his boom for the Presidency by his senseless vindictive opposition to the restoration of Fitz John Porter. He will now take a back seat."

How would this do:

For President, Samuel J. Tilden, nolens volens?

No other dose will make the rads so sick along the breadbasket.

Henri Watterson in threatening to sit down on the Democratic party should study the fable of the toad and ox.

We have examined the financial statements of quite a number of counties, and find few that make as gratifying an exhibit for the taxpayers as does that by the statement of the present board of commissioners of our county. The expenditures have been greatly curtailed; the indebtedness reduced to a large extent, and those old sores, the outstanding taxes, in a large measure collected. With a few years more of such work Centre county will be entirely free from debt and the county tax a mere nominal sum to defray current expenses. We can truly say to the Commissioners, Well done.

The Bellefonte *Republican* is sorry that the Great Eastern has been sold to be used as a coal-boat. The *Republican* may have wanted it as a Salt river craft for the Republican party next fall, for which the G. E. would have been much too large—an ordinary section boat will afford ample room for transporting your party up Salt river next fall. Now be consoled.

A gigantic stealing of public lands has lately been exposed. The Secretary of the Interior sent to the Senate in response to a resolution of that body calling for information on the subject of the unauthorized fencing in of the public lands, a communication from Mr. Harrison, Acting Commissioner of the General Land Office, inclosing copies of the principal reports and correspondence on file in that office relating to the subject.

In his letter of transmittal the Acting Commissioner says he is satisfied from the information he has received that the practice of illegally enclosing the public lands is extensive throughout the grazing regions, and that many millions of acres are thus inclosed, and are now being so inclosed to the exclusion of the stock of all others than the fence owners, and the prevention of settlements and the obstruction of public travel.

Among the companies and persons reported as having "immense" and "very large" areas indorsed but specific quantities not mentioned are the Dubuque, Amarron and Renello cattle companies of New Mexico; the Carlisle cattle company in Colorado; the Marquis de Morales in Dakota; the Wyoming cattle company (Scotch) in Wyoming; the Rankin live-stock company in Nebraska. Several new companies and persons living in Montana and elsewhere are mentioned as having enclosures with no data.

The Jerrey Shore *Herald* says that Messrs. John and Harris McKinney, of Pine Creek township, Clinton county, sold their two acres of tobacco to Sam'l More, of Lancaster, for $444.34. The balance of their crop, 10 acres, which was raised on shares, was sold to W. B. Karskadon & Son, of Lock Haven, for $1,729. Pretty good for 12 acres.

The York county Republican delegates are instructed for Beaver for congress-at-large, and Blaine for President.

Henri Watterson should know that he need not make arrangements for a Democratic funeral—the party is not even sick.

New York is greatly enough excited over counterfeit butter—oleomargerine and butterine—to have a legislative investigation going. New Yorkers, and city folks generally, don't get genuine, sweet butter any more, such as we enjoy here in Centre county. In this regard we are several points ahead of our city cousins—the butter we eat is the good, fresh, genuine golden article—they get what we don't want or the worse counterfeit article manufactured in their own city limits, by the chaps who put adulterated teas, sugars, spices and such like on us.

Dynamite is still a dangerous factor in Europe. The speeches made at the banquet in celebration of St. Patrick's day, Belleville, a suburb of Paris, contained hints that more explosions would occur in London before long. The ranks of the dynamitists are being recruited by large accessions from the Irish in Paris. Both radical revolutionists and delegates from the Irish Republican Brotherhood are joining them, as they have become convinced that it will be impossible to face England in the battle field.

The prosecutors of the Star Route robbers seemed to have been almost as anxious to bleed the government as those they pretended to hunt down. Lawyer Bliss, a warm friend of President Arthur, one of the prosecuting counsel, managed to get away with $75,000. 'Tis stated that he received as much as $200 a day. As a cotemporary says: "If he put in six months of steady work his pay was greater for that time than the whole salaries of the nine members of the Supreme court of the United States for the same."

A reduction in miners' wages is proposed in western Pennsylvania.

Can this be even possible under a Republican tariff and Republican administration? Will some radical organ answer.

One can now go by rail from any railroad point in the United States to the city of Mexico.

The first through train over the Mexican Central Railway left the Union Depot of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railway at El Paso on 18. It will be four and one-half days in making the trip to the City of Mexico, but this time will be reduced to half that period in a few days, when the new schedule is prepared. The Mexican Central is now open for business.

It will be remembered that when the verdict was rendered that consigned the Stalwart Republican politician, C. J. Guiteau, to the gallows, he leaped from his chair and shouted: "God will punish you for this!" and then pronounced a prophesy of vengeance upon his prosecutors, their witnesses and the jury. A Washington correspondent says that it is a singular, if not a significant fact, that a good many people connected with that case have since been the victims of misfortune. Corkhill, the district attorney, has lost his office and is looking for something else to do. One of his associate counsel took to drinking soon after the trial, and is now a common drunkard; two of the jurymen are dead, two more have failed in business, and another is hopelessly insane. Three of the medical experts who testified to his insanity are dead, and a fourth has become insane, and now it is announced that J. W. Tilden, the chemist who discovered the poison on the boquet Mrs. Scoville sent to her brother the morning of his execution, has gone crazy and been committed to the government asylum for treatment.

### We think it will be Sammy Tilden.

Let it be distinctly understood that Beaver Dam, south of the Forks in Penn township, was not named after Gen. Beaver. The REPORTER makes this announcement thus early so that in case the General is nominated for some place on the Republican ticket his party organs will have that much less capital to go on.

A big safe company in New Haven and the Gill bar company of Columbus, have busted,—but not under a Democratic administration, mind you.

From Washington comes the report that there will be no rupture among Democrats in congress on the tariff question. A Democratic caucus met on Tuesday evening to consider the subject, and we will be able in our next issue to say what its action was.

Grant says his first choice for President is Logan. Of course.

### A MODERN COLOSSUS.

The Colossus of Rhodes must take a back seat. Bartholdi's Statute of "Liberty Enlightening the World" is a revelation. New York is to be envied. We have just been presented with a superb picture, 26x36, by the Travelers Ins. Co., of Hartford, Conn., giving a capital representation of the majestic image.


Have you a cold? Sleepless nights need no longer trouble you. The use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral before retiring, will soothe the cough to quiet, allay the inflamation, and allow the needed repose. It will, moreover, speedily heal the pulmonary organs, and give you health.

Cashmeres, etc., beat all in prices and quality, at Garmans.


### ANOTHER RAILROAD.

The talk of a railroad through the Brushvalley Narrows, starting from Milton or Lewisburg, and not in the interest of the Penn'a R. R., has not died out, and we are reliably informed that an engineer corps will make a survey shortly. This line would pass at or near Wolf's Store, Rebersburg, Madisonburg and strike Centre Hall, thence west. While in the eastern part of the state, last summer, we heard frequent mention of such a route, by a company that was not then wishing to give the matter publicity, though it was known to prominent individuals. We should like to see such an enterprise go ahead, it would be the best gift we could wish our good neighbors through Brushvalley, who, no doubt would be ready to grant the right of way at once. We shall make known any further developments that reach us and the REPORTER will be glad to aid the people of Miles township all it can to get such an improvement.

Nellie Hummelreich, of Reading, was baptized in the river last Sunday. She has been in a trance since, and talks all the time of being in heaven. She says:

"I am in heaven. I can see Jesus and many beautiful angels. I don't want to come back. The angels have crowns on their heads and trumpets in their hands. I hear the grandest music. The streets are all of gold and everything is beautiful and bright. The angels' crowns are made of lilies and stars, and they are all dressed in white. There is no sorrow there." and as she said this she murmered, "So nice; so nice."

General Beaver told a Pittsburg reporter the other day that he wouldn't accept the republican nomination for congressman-at-large.

A young fiend, Michael Tonry, aged sixteen, who was arrested near Watsontown while in the act of changing a switch for the purpose of wrecking an approaching train on the Philadelphia and Erie railroad, was placed in the jail at Sunbury. Tonry confessed that he has before attempted to wreck trains. On one occasion he asked his associates to assist him to wreck a train and then plunder the wounded passengers.

The mumps is no respector of persons, for we see the Governor's youngest child has 'em.

A murder was committed at Hazleton the other day. Two women quarreled and one drew a revolver to shoot the other, when a man stepped in and the ball hit him in the head. The quarrel was about a husband.

At Lebanon, the other night, Isaac Seibert killed Edwin Schaum. A woman was the trouble.

### EXPECTED REVELATIONS.

In Washington private circles there have been for some time mutterings of coming startling developments in the Springer investigation. Those who are supposed to have inside information relating to the future work of this committee have said lately that there was a scandal pending that would overshadow the celebrated Belknap case and would be perhaps great enough to divert the attention of the House Democrats from further talk about tariff agitation. Investigation of the basis of this talk has revealed the fact that Dorsey has written a number of letters to Springer in which he outlined what he expects to prove when he is summoned as a witness. It is not probable that Dorsey will reach the committee-room before the last of April.

Outside of the principal point of his testimony he charges two very specific things: First, that he can prove beyond question that $25,000 was paid to a Republican member of Congress for services rendered a certain wealthy ring of Star-route contractors. The name of the Republican member of Congress will not be given until Dorsey makes his appearance on the witness stand. Second, Dorsey says he can prove beyond question that Sanderson, one of the Star route contractors who escaped prosecution, has said to several gentlemen in the West that he had paid $35,000 to George Bliss for immunity. Dorsey does not say that he can prove the payment, but merely that he can prove that Sanderson has told his immediate friends that it cost him that amount to escape. This, taken with the proof that will be shortly presented by Saulsbury's story of what it cost him to escape, will be supplemented by calling both Sanderson and Saulsbury.

It is also said that certain peculiar relations between the late "Jim" Bosler and the Attorney-General will afford a subject for interesting developments. But the main event of the investigation will be the production of the evidence of an agreement made in the campaign of 1880 whereby Stanley Matthews' appointment to the Supreme Court was pledged as the security for the subscription of $300,000 by certain railroad magnates, to be used in the carrying of the State of Indiana for Garfield. There has been a great deal of talk about this agreement, but it is now asserted that the committee will have placed in its hands an exact copy of it. If this agreement can be proven it will be followed by the presentation of articles of impeachment against the Justice involved. There are plenty of good Republicans who would be glad to see this matter probed to the very bottom. The way money was procured for use in Indiana has been an open scandal in Washington for over a year. If it can be officially proven the sensation will be equal to anything published since the war.

### SPRING MILLS.

Long looked-for has come at last—they commenced work on the railroad last Saturday, 22, up near the bridge, on Adam Grenoble's farm, and Grove & Wolf are busy delivering stuff for the bridge. Mr. Jack Hughs commenced cleaning out the cut on George Wood's farm, which he made ten years ago; Mr. Hughs little thought that it would be 10 years before the road would be finished. They don't seem to be at a loss to get hands, and are making up their gangs from men living about here, and those that were cart-boys when here before are now their men. Ten years has made a great change in our town—then we had but one place where they bought grain; now we have four grain dealers and the mill; this makes five places. Mr. Grenoble is the life of our town. Mr. J. D. Long is busy getting ready for the 1st of April. He is fixing up his shop to live in until his house is done. There are to be several new houses built this summer, and Prof. W. A. Krise's is among the first. Wm. From, an enterprising and pushing miller, has been sick but is able to be about again. Henry Whitmer bought Mr. Henry Krumrine's house and sent him to his farm in Union county. Sammy Wate is still waiting on the ladies at Whitmer & Co's store, or rather at the fair. ***

Mr. George Korman is seriously ill, but it is hoped that he will recover and be able to enjoy his much delighted hunting trips. John Minich and family moved to Milton—success to you, John. Our new-comers to this place this spring are, E. Fetterolf, Benj. Yearick, S. Crawford, Mrs. Thos. Richardson, Mr. Shaffer, in Spring Mills Hotel, Dr. J. W. Stam. Van Dyke & Co. commenced leveling up the railroad bed on Saturday; we know now the beginning, but when will it be completed? You Editor must have been misinformed when you stated that a car load of rails had reached this place for the extension of the road, as no rails have come here yet for said purpose, but they may be expected soon. John Coldren has the contract to build the bridge across Sinking creek. Gregg twp., will report her candidates ere long for the coming fall—it is supposed that we will have a Sheriff, Treasurer, Prothonotary, and some more. Farmers and others should be on their guard, as certain parties are driving over the country selling goods and offer to take notes for a certain time; you know that so many have been caught with such papers. X.

### A TERRIBLE TALE.

San Francisco, March 20.—Mrs. John Schaefer, of Oakland, Cal., became insane over the loss of one of her children, and during the absence of her husband for a few minutes last night, cut her baby's throat and then her own. The husband, when he viewed the terrible spectacle, seized a revolver and attempted suicide, but was prevented by a policeman. Some friends visited the scene in the evening, among them Mrs. Le Trolli, a French lady, who was so shocked at the sight that she became a raving maniac.

### WHY THE POPE WANTS TO LEAVE.

Paris, March 22.—Much attention has been excited by a letter from Rome which appears in the "Defense," a clerical newspaper. The writer recounts the charges of the Papacy against Italy. The Pope believes that his independence is threatened, especially since the Court of Cassation rendered its dicision that the real property of the Propaganda Fide should be converted into Italian rentes. The letter asserts that His Holiness is again considering the advisability of leaving Rome.

Malta is mentioned as the place of the Pope's future residence.

### 2000 HANDS OUT OF WORK.

New Haven, Conn., March 21.—The extensive works of the L. Condee Rubber Co. will shut down at the end of this month for several weeks. Over one thousand hands will be temporarily thrown out of employment.

Philadelphia, March 21.—The blanket and woolen mills of John and James Dobson at the falls of the Schuylkill have ceased running and the 1,200 operatives have been informed that for an indefinite period their service will not be needed.

### A $20 BIBLICAL PRIZE.

The publishers of "Rutledge's Monthly" offer twelve valuable rewards in their Monthly for April, among which is the following:

We will give $20 to the person telling us how many words there are in the Epistle of Jude, as recorded in the New Testament Scriptures (not the New Revision,) by April 10, '84. Should two or more correct answers be received, the reward will be divided. The money will be forwarded to the winner April 15, '84. Persons trying for the reward must send 20 cents in silver (no postage stamps taken) with their answer, for which they will receive the May Monthly, in which the name and address of the winner of the reward and correct answer will be published, and in which several more valuable rewards will be offered. Address Rutledge Publishing Co., Easton, Penn'a.


50 cent white shirt with linen bosom—Garmans.


## Scientific.

Chlorophyl in a pure state is obtained by Herr A. Tschirch by the action of zinc-dust on chlorophylan. Its spectrum is the same as that given by living leaves.

Preparations are already in progress for the meeting of the International Polar Commission members, which is to assemble in Vienna on an early day next May.

In examining into the conditions suitable for accelerating the oxidation of drying oils M. Ach. Livache finds that manganese is the most effective desiccating agent.

A prize of $2,400 has been awarded by the Turin Academy of Sciences to Mr. Hormuzd Rassam for his discoveries in the field of Assyrian and Babylonian antiquities.

The Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin has conferred the gold medal for art and sciences upon Dr. Nachtigal, the well-known African traveler, who is now occupying the position of Consul-General for the German Government at Tunis.

A spectroscopic study of the Pons-Brooks comet has been made with the reflector of 0.50 metres at the Observatory of Algiers by M. Ch. Trepid. The results show that in its visible parts the spectrum of the comet is identical with that of a flame of alcohol.

On an expedition, which is expected to last at least over two years, the Portuguese explorers, Senhores Capello, and Juens, have sailed for the west coast of Africa. They go first to Loanda, and from that locality they will proceed northward to Zaire.

Six full cargoes of jute were discharged at Bremen, Germany, during the first nine months of 1883. Four of these were imported from Calcutta by one large German establishment. The total quantity of jute thus received was about 60,000 bales, worth about $375,000.

Messrs. Ramsay and Young find that the decomposition of ammonia by heat commences at about 500°, and that it is nearly equal in extent with porcelain, glass, iron and asbestus, but at 700° ammonia is almost completely decomposed by passing through an iron tube. Copper, when heated, is not so active.

The galvanic temperature coefficients of steel, rod-iron, and cast-iron have been determined by V. Strouhal and C. Barus. For steel this coefficient diminishes as the hardness of tempering increases, while the specific resistance increases with the hardness. Glass-hard steel has about three times the specific resistance of soft steel.

In a large Berlin establishment for the manufacture of wooden penholders a fire lately occurred in one of the drying-rooms. These rooms are heated with steam-pipes, capped with an alloy which melts at a low temperature. The fire was not discovered until the noise of escaping steam attracted attention, when it was found to be already extinguished, though having done considerable damage to the stock.

Wolgemuth, the conductor of the Austrian polar expedition, has told some of the results of his work at a late meeting of the Vienna Geographical Society. He observed 124 auroras, about ten of which were crown-shaped. Among the old lava streams and in the crevices of the old and numerous craters of the island of Jan Mayen he discovered traces of a still progressing volcanic activity, and three times observed well-marked subterranean shocks.

M. Mascart's magnetic induction compass comprises an azimuth circle upon which moves an arrangement carrying a ring movable on a horizontal axle; the angle which this ring makes with the horizon is measured by a vertical circle; the frame, 0.12 metre in diameter, is supported by the ring, and can turn upon an axle perpendicular to that of the ring. The dimensions of the instrument are not greater than those of an inclination compass.

Herr. H. Wild in a late number of the *Annalen der Physik und Chemie* describes an application of his photometer as a spectro-photometer. This instrument, constructed by Hermann & Pfisler, of Berne, contains a slit, a calc-spar rhombohedron, a Foucault prism, a second rhombohedron, a selenite plate, a Nicol prism, a pair of adjustible glass prisms, a five-prism Amici direct-vision prisms, and sundry lenses. The light to be examined has to pass through these successively.


——Druggist Murray reports a growing demand for McDonald's celebrated Worm Powders.


### STORIES ON THE ROAD.

Commercial Travelers at a Wayside Inn —Something to Put in a Gripsack.

"Gentlemen, I almost envy you the position you fill; your experience of the world; your knowledge of business; the changing sights you see, and all that, you know."

This warmly expressed regret fell from the lips of an elderly pleasure tourist, last August, and was addressed to a semicircle of commercial travelers seated on the porch of the Lindell Hotel, St. Louis, Mo.

"Yes," responded a New York representative of the profession, "a drummer isn't without his pleasures, but he runs his risks, too—risks outside the chances of railroad collisions and steamboat explosions."

"What risks for instance?"

"This, for instance," said Mr. W. D. Franklin, who was then traveling for an eastern house, and is known to merchants in all parts of the country: "The risk—which, indeed, amounts almost to a certainty—of getting the dyspepsia from the perpetual change of diet and water and from having no fixed hours for eating and sleeping. I myself was an example. I say I was, for I am all right now."

"No discount on your digestion?" broke in a Chicago dry goods traveler, lighting his cigar afresh.

"Not a quarter per cent. But I had to give up traveling for a while. The dyspepsia ruined my paper. Finally I came across an advertisement of PARKER'S TONIC. I tried it and it fixed me up to perfection. There is nothing on earth, in my opinion, equal to it as a cure for dyspepsia."

Messrs. Hiscox & Co., of New York, the proprietors, hold a letter from Mr. Franklin stating that precise fact. PARKER'S TONIC aids digestion, cures Malarial Fevers, Heartburn, headache, Coughs and Colds, and all chronic diseases of the Liver and Kidneys. Put a bottle in your valise. Prices, 50c. and $1. Economy in larger size. mar


——The Philad. Branch is putting out clothing faster than ever before. Lewins & Co. have put down the prices of winter clothing so low, that nearly everybody is buying a suit to save money. They are selling low to get rid of stock and make room for the spring trade. Don't miss this chance for a bargain. You can't do so well anywhere in the state as at the Philad. Branch.

The Osceola "Reveille" predicts a hot contest between the Pennsylvania and Vanderbilt railroads for possession of a narrow pass from Joy's to Madera, four miles long, which is essential to both roads.

A New Suit.—Faded articles of all kinds restored to their original beauty by Diamond Dyes. Perfect and simple. 10c at all druggists. Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt.

The April No. of Harper's Magazine contains about a dozen articles that are finely illustrated, among which are A Lover's Pilgrimage; A Visit to Sardis; The Hohenzollerns; From the Frazer to the Columbia; Nature's Serial Story; Second War for Independence, and others. The customary departments are filled with fresh, useful and entertaining reading.

Ready-made window shades at Garmans.

Mr. C. G. Rockwood has just exhaustively treated the Ischian earthquake of July 28, 1883. He arrives at the conclusion that this disturbance had its origin in a rupture taking place along an old volcanic fisure running roughly north and south, and extending radially under the northern slope of Mount Epomeo, and that the cause of the increased tension resulting in this rupture must be referred to the residual volcanic activity which Ischia shares with the adjacent mainland, rather than to any local subsidence, as had been suggested by Prof. Palmieri.

### GARDEN GROWTH TEAS.

Familes can save about one-half by sending to us for Teas, as we import our own, and have done so for forty years. THE ORIGINAL AMERICAN TEA CO.

Send for circular, which gives prices and full particulars, to ROBERT WELLS, President, P. O. Box 1287. 43 1/2 Cortlandt St., New York.

ONE DOLLAR'S worth of our own garden growth, China or Japan Teas, sent by mail, post paid, or a larger quantity by express, charges paid. 18feb3m

### FISHING TACKLE.

Complete stock of

RODS, FLIES,
LINES, HOOKS,
NETS,

And Fishing Tackle in general.

Also just received

BOXING GLOVES, MACROME TWINE, All colors.

I will issue a Catalogue April 1, 1884, containing price lists of Guns, Sporting Goods, Fishing Tackle, Musical Instruments, and a copy of the "Game Laws of Penn'a," which I will send FREE to any address on application.

THEODORE DESHNER, Gunsmith, 12mar3m Bellefonte, Penn'a.


## PUBLIC SALES.

Sale April 24.

VALUABLE FARM AT PUBLIC SALE.—By an order of the Orphans' Court, the undersigned will offer at public sale on the premises, at Centre Hill, Thursday, April 24, 1884, the following described farm of Robert Lee, deceased: All that certain tract of land in Potter twp., Centre county, bounded by lands late of Geo. Odenkirk, John Runkle, Samuel Swartz, Burkholder and Strohm, containing 112 ACRES, 11 perches and allowance. Thereon erected a 2-story Dwelling House, bank barn and other outbuildings, and a good orchard on the premises.

TERMS.—One-third cash, 10 per cent. of which shall be paid upon day of sale; ⅓ in one year; ⅓ in two years, to bear interest and to be secured by bond and mortgage on the premises, and to be inwarded for the benefit of the administrator.

Sale to commence at 1 o'clock.

WM. J. THOMPSON, Administrator, *de bonis non.*

Sale April 5.

PUBLIC SALE.—At Centre Hall, on Saturday, April 5, one new Centre Hall THRESHING MACHINE and POWER, in good condition. Sale to commence at 2 p. m., when terms will be made known.

WM. J. THOMPSON, Adm'r, of R. Lee.

Sale April 12.

PUBLIC SALE.—At the residence of Michael Spicher, dec'd, in Potter twp., Saturday, April 12, at 1 p. m.: Top buggy, set of harness, flynets, cook stove, pipe, boilers, pans, skillets, copper kettle, brass kettle, iron kettle, 2 beds, cupboard, chest, sewing machine, stair rods for carpet, 25 yards carpet, 2 tables, 2 rocking chairs, 5 kitchen chairs, set dishes, fruit jars, old fashioned clock, wood box, a lot of corn, and other articles.

JOHN SPICHER, MICHAEL SPICHER, Executors.

## SOLITUDE.

Laugh, and the world laughs with you,
Weep, and you weep alone:
For the sad old Earth must borrow its mirth,
But has trouble enough of its own.
Sing, and the hills will answer;
Sigh—it is lost on the air:
The echoes bound to a joyful sound,
But are slow to voice your care.

Rejoice, and men will seek you;
Grieve, and they turn and go:
They want full measure of all your pleasure,
But they do not need your wo.
Be glad, and your friends are many;
Be sad, and you lose them all:
There are none to decline your nectared wine,
But alone you must drink Life's gall.

Feast, and your halls are crowded;
Fast, and the world goes by:
Succeed and give and it helps you live,
But no man can help you die.
There is room in the halls of Pleasure
For a large and lordly train;
But one by one we must all file on
Thro' the narrow aisles of Pain.

## PROMISES AT RANDOM.

In a small but thriving village in New York lives a man by the name of Albert Brown. At the age of four and twenty he took to himself a wife; and three years afterwards he opened a shop on his own account. He was a tinworker by trade, and his work gave the utmost satisfaction. He had bought out the shop and interest of a man who had moved away, so he had a run of business already on his hands.

For a while all went on well; he had so much as he wished to do; his patrons were prompt in their payments, and his prospects were bright. His dwelling adjoined the shop, so that he was always convenient to his place of business. But at length there began to be murmurings among the customers.

"Albert," said his wife one evening as he came in from the post-office, "Mr Cummings has been here after the funnel you promised to make for him."

"Ah, has he?" returned the young man looking up from the paper that he had just opened.

"Yes, and seemed quite anxious about it, for the weather is cold, and his family are unable to use their sitting room just for want of that funnel."

"Well, I must make it to-morrow."

"But you know you have promised to have Mr. Moore's cook-stove ready to-morrow, and you have all the funnel to make for that, besides a boiler and a tea-kettle."

"Yes, I know that; but Moore'll have to wait. I must make that funnel for Cummings."

For some time Alice Brown sat in silence. Her face revealed a troubled mind, and her hand moved tremulously over the silken hair of her infant.

"Albert," she said at length, "you will pardon me, I know, for what I am now going to say." She trembled as she spoke, not being used to reprimanding her husband. She was a mild, modest, little woman, and severity of language was something she could not use, unless, indeed, it may have been once in a while to her little son, who often tried her patience.

'Go ahead, Alice," returned the young man, with a faint smile.

"I must speak, Albert, for I am sure you do not realize how you are injuring yourself. You do not realize, I fear, how often you disappoint your customers. Now, I heard Mr. Cummings say he had better have sent to the city at once and then he should have got his funnel in some kind of season."

"Then why didn't he send? I never asked him for his custom."

"Ah, Albert, you do not mean what you say. You have asked for his custom. You have asked for the custom of all the people in town; and not only so, but in your advertisement you promise to do your work with promptness and despatch. Now listen to me calmly, for surely I am anxious only for your good. You have often promised people certain things at a given time, and you know how often you have disappointed them. Now why is it not just as easy to have your promises and performances agree as to have them so often at fault? When Mr. Cummings came for his funnel, why could you not have made up your mind just when you could do the work, and then do it at all hazards? Of course, sickness is always a reasonable excuse."

"But you do not understand these things, Alice," said the husband in an explanatory manner. "When I have so much work on my hands, it is impossible always to tell just when such and such things can be done. I do them all as soon as I can."

"And yet, Albert, you disappoint your customers. Now just reflect a moment. You do all the work you have, but the trouble is you do not do it at the time promised. Now, for instance, when Cummings came for his funnel he asked you if he could not have it by the next day at noon. Instead of carefully considering what you had on your hands, and answering accordingly, you simply wished to please him for the time being, and told him he should have it as he wished. But when he came for it, it was not done, and thoughtlessly you told him he could have it by night. This evening he called again, and again he is disappointed. His wife is now fretting, and he is angry; and he has good cause for it. And now look at to-morrow; if you make his funnel to-morrow, you must disappoint Moore, for his is an all day's job, most surely; and you know how particular he is."

"O, I know what you mean, Alice, but I should like to have you take hold and try. You'd find talking and doing two different things, I'm thinking."

"Perhaps I should, Albert, but yet I'd make them both agree in the end. When I had promised Mr. Cummings his funnel I would have done it. Last night I would have called to mind all the work I had on hand, and if I had been sure that I could turn it off as promised without working in the evening, I would have spent the evening in the house; but had it appeared otherwise, I would have worked till midnight if need be. Ere I would break a business promise I would work all night while my health and strength lasted. But there would be no need of this. Keep a book, and in it put all your work engaged, with the time at which it is promised, and then go at it. If a man wants such a thing at a given time, just refer to the work on hand, and if you find you can reach it without disappointing others, then promise him; but if you cannot do so, then tell him so plainly, and also when you can do it. Be sure no sensible man will find fault with this. Let people see that you will be prompt and reliable, and you need not fear of losing custom; but if things go on in this way much longer, you must lose money, it cannot be otherwise."

Albert Brown tried to laugh, but it was rather a ghastly performance. His wife had spoken the truth and he knew it, but he made no promises, for he did not feel exactly like owning up to the error.

Mr. Cummings was a good customer, and on the next morning Brown made his funnel. It took him until after ten o'clock to do it, and then he went to work upon the things for Moore. After dinner Cummings came in and got his funnel, but he was not so thankful to find it done as Albert hoped his would be.

Just at dusk Mr. Moore came in. He had a heavy wagon with him, for the purpose of taking his stove away; but the boiler and tea-kettle were not done.

"I declare," said Brown, "I haven't your job done yet."

"But how's that? You promised me that I should have them to-night without fail."

"I know—but I had a funnel to make for Cummings, and it put me back."

"But you should not have engaged other work until mine was done."

"But I had this engaged before I had yours."

"Then you might have calculated upon that and not promised me as you did. Had you set to-morrow night as the time for me, I should not have left my work at a busy period, and ridden seven miles from home for nothing."

"I am sorry, Mr. Moore; but really I could not help it."

"Perhaps you could not," said Moore, with dubious shake of the head, "but you remember you bothered me in the same way last spring about my milk pans. I came twice for those before I got them."

Poor Albert felt ashamed, and he stammered out some apology.

"Now, I'll tell you the truth," resumed Moore, rather severely, "I am just now very busy, and have several hands engaged to work for me, so I cannot leave them again. If you will finish these things and send them up to me to-morrow, I should like it, otherwise I shall not want them."

Brown promised to send them up, and Mr. Moore took his leave. But the young tinman was not cured of his fault. Things went on as before, and Mrs. Brown was obliged to hear much complaint. The winter passed away, and in the spring another tin shop was opened in the village. A young man named Ames came to the place and sought the patronage of the inhabitants. Within a month after this Albert Brown found himself almost without a customer. To be sure he could make up any quantity of tinware for peddlers, but this was not to his taste. The most profitable branch of his business was gone, for all his old customers now flocked to Ames, where their orders were promptly filled.

"I declare, it is too bad," said Albert Brown to his wife as they arose from the supper table.

"It is too bad, Albert, but you should not complain of your customers."

"I don't—but why shou'd Ames come here?"

"He was asked to come here, Albert. You know the people had become tired of waiting your motions. And there is Mansfield, the tailor; he is also obliged to go without customers."

"I noticed that Mansfield's shop was shut up as I came by," said Albert thoughtfully.

"Then he's had to quit," resumed his wife. "I heard some time ago that the people would not put up with his negligence much longer. He is a good tailor, but no one could depend upon him."

For some moments Albert sat in silence and gazed into the fire. At length, while a sad expression rested on his countenance, he said:

"Alice, I cannot deny that I have lost all through my own fault, I remember what you have often said to me, and how you have warned me of this; and I know that all this could have been avoided had I but listened to you. But it's too late now."

"No, no, Albert! not too late," uttered Alice moving to her husband's side and putting her arms about his neck, "you can yet work on."

"But not here. We must give up this snug little house and move to some strange place."

"Well, 'twere better so than to live without business here."

"And could you be contented to give up this pretty house' Alice?"

"I shall be contented wherever your own good calls you, my husband."

Albert Brown kissed his wife, and shortly afterward he went out. As he passed down the street he saw a light in the shop which Mr. Ames occupied, and he went in. A friendly greeting ensued, and after some common-place conversation, Brown asked Ames how he prospered.

"O, very well, replied Ames. "I am doing very well, yet I can do better. My brother has sent me an offer to come to L——, and go into business with him. I was intending to call on you to-morrow to see if I could not make a trade with you. If I can sell out my heavy stock without loss I shall move, for my brother needs me, and the place will be far better for me than this. What say you now? If you will buy my stoves and manufactured ware at wholesale prices, you can have them, and I am off."

"How much will they come to?" asked Albert, anxiously.

"The whole that I must sell will come to about three hundred dollars—not any over that."

"I'll give you an answer to-morrow noon," Albert returned.

This was satisfactory, and after some further conversation the latter left and returned home. He told his wife how the case stood, and she at once advised him to make the purchase.

"We can raise the money," she said, "and I suppose everything he has will sell."

On the next day Albert accepted Ames' offer, and as soon as a list of the goods was made out he paid the money over, and ere long he had the field once more to himself. He issued a new advertisement, and after enumerating the articles he had for sale, he added these significant words, "Try me."

And now Albert Brown commenced anew. He took a book and set down every order as it came in, and noted the time set for its completion. He now made no promises without referring to his book, and the consequence was that he never failed to meet his engagements, and yet how simple it was. Aye, and how much easier than the old method. How smoothly all went now. His work was more than before in quantity, and yet he completed it more easily than before.

The result was soon apparent. Customers flocked in upon him; his old friends returned and within a year he was the most thriving mechanic in town. People from adjoining places heard of his promptness and faithfulness, and they came to employ him. Surely he never regretted the short sojourn of another tinman in the village, nor did he ever fail to bless his wife, as each returning season found his coffers gradually but surely growing full.

And so it must always be in all the departments of business life. Try it, ye who need and see.

### As to Snuff.

"There's just as much snuff sold to-day as there ever was," said an ancient tobacconist in Chicago the other day. "Its use, though, is principally restricted to the Germans, Bohemians, Irish and English, with a considerable percentage of the old-fashioned Americans thrown in. The working classes are those that use snuff, it being an economical way of indulging in the nicotine habit, and at the same time does not hinder the snuffer in his work Women, too, are habitues of the fragrant nostrum, old and elderly ladies especially. Of the females of this generation only a certain class use snuff, and they either chew it, using the Scotch variety, which they conceal between their upper teeth and lip, or mix it with a lather of white castile soap and rub their gums with this compound placed on a tooth brush.

"In point of price, snuff ranges from between 60 cents and $1.80 per pound. The finest and most expensive is Lotzbeck, manufactured and imported from Lake, Germany. The Germans and Bohemians use almost exclusively rappee and Lotzbeck, being very pungent in odor, and almost black in color, something like perique smoking tobacco. Maccaboy is brown in shade, and is used by the English. The Irish take to 'high trast,' as dry and fine as powder, and of a bright yellow hue, while the Scotch, of a very light yellow, is consumed by the Scotch, Welsh and Americans."

"Are your customers discriminating when they purchase snuff?" was asked.

"Very much so. You can't deceive an old snuffer. Once he gets the snuff into his nostrils he knows exactly what it is, and, if good, bad, or indifferent. Many people use snuff temporarily, to get rid of a cold or to strengthen their eyes. For certain eye troubles snuff is considered a specific. I remember a woman—she is old at the present time, who began to use snuff ten years ago to remedy her weak eyes, and she told me it cured her completely. Generally speaking, snuff is a form of the tobacco luxury which only adult and mostly elderly or aged people take to. I think the proportion of snuffers to smokers is about one to fifteen. There is one thing about it I shouldn't like, to be obliged to help in the making of snuff. A person unaccustomed to it can hardly breathe in a snuff factory, so pungent and strong is the odor, Of course it's unhealthy, because one cannot help taking a good deal of the fine powder into the lungs and system, and that is bad for the health and bad for the digestion."

### Doesn't It?

A writer from Rochester, N. Y., says:—I called recently on a bride of a few months early one morning and found her pouring the breakfast coffee for her husband. She was fairly submerged in the foamy billows of a sea-green robe, and on her head was a cap of more intricate construction than I could clearly describe in half a column. After she had kissed her spouse good-by for the day and we were alone in her boudoir she threw off the elaborate gown for a plain one.

"Good heavens me!" I said; "is it possible that you achieve such a careful toilet simply for your husband?"

"Safe to bet on it," was the reply. "You mean to marry some time? Well, take my advice. When you have once taken a husband, keep him. Don't let the charm of fascination be broken through your own carelessness. The greatest danger, don't you see, is that the sameness of one wife, right along, will tire him of you. Now, you can't effect any actual changes in yourself. Whatever novelty of person you present must be extraneous. Isn't that so?"

"I guess it is."

"Well, I came to the conclusion that the time to show myself in new aspects to my hubby was in the morning. I have made it a point to get a great number of toilets to appear before him in at breakfast. That captures him anew every morning, makes me think about him all day long, and brings him back to me at night an ardent lover."

I quote this advice for what it is worth. Anyhow, it seems reasonable, doesn't it?

Life does not count by years. Some suffer a lifetime in a day, and so grow old between the rising and setting of the sun.

### "Allah, Allah!"

The Holy City of Kairwan is the Mecca of the State of Tunis, and indeed, of Northern Africa. It lies about eighty miles south of Tunis, and some twenty miles inland from the sea. On entering the town I saw a drove of camels coming over the desert, led by their keepers. On the other side appeared a woman riding on an ass, and robed in a mantle of deep dark blue, which was folded over her head and round an infant in her arms. A man walked by her side with a staff to which a gourd was attached. The sun was descending behind them, and its beams lit up their figures as they turned away into the wilderness. A little further on, near a solitary palm tree, a man was riding a camel, with a worn woman slowly trailing on foot behind him. At a sign the camel stopped, and the man, dismounting, lay under the tree, and sent the weary woman far into the distance for water. It is here that the Barber of the Prophet Mohammed is buried, who possessed the most precious clippings from his beard—three hairs of which now remain. The town is not interesting, consisting of houses built of small bricks, partly covered in patches with dilapidated plaster. The roofs are flat, and one can walk from one to another almost over the town. The town is surrounded by a thin wall, surmounted with a parapet with semicircular crenelations. The gates are of old wood, studded with iron knobs. The streets are filthy, unpaved lanes, and the house-doors lead downward, as into a cellar. There is no hotel or inn of any description. The whole town is studded with mosques, small, decayed, and poor in appearance, but there are only two of consequence, the Great Mosque and the Tomb of the Barber.

In the Great Mosque there are a multitude of pillars, mostly antique remains, of various colored marbles. On entering, knowing the prejudices of the Turks, I stooped down to take off my shoes before treading on the holy carpet—or rather matting. This appeared to please them, and a priest made a gesture to me, and forthwith caused the matting to be rolled away, so that I could walk upon the floor, thick with dust and dirt. The scene was impressive. Numbers of figures, with the white burnous bound round their heads by a string, were crouching round with their rosaries of beads, and prayer-boards, chanting a kind of Gregorian measure. This caused a sort of vibrating hum to pervade the building. At the foot of the pulpit are two red granite pillars about twelve feet high, and some six inches apart. Through these the faithful squeeze themselves into Paradise, having previously reduced their bodies by starvation for the purpose. Nearly two and a half inches of granite have been worn away from one of the pillars by repeated friction, so that the entrance has become easier than it must once have been. A small, slim boy of thirteen years of age was just able to slip through. To a full-grown man it must have been a severe trial. The Tomb of the Barber, placed in an upper room in one of the mosques, is surrounded with trellis-work, covered with rich carpet, and hung round with canopies, banners, painted ostrich eggs, and other offerings of the faithful. Every Friday, and also on other days in the week, penances take place at various mosques or religious houses in the town. The persons who practice these rites have many social and pecuniary privileges, and belong to a special caste of their own.

I went to see one of these ceremonies. It took place at half past 8 in the evening, two hours after dark. I entered a courtyard, and passed thence to a whitewashed room, stepping over the carved barrier about eighteen inches high, which is usual in Moorish houses. I then found myself in a room, as far as I can guess, about thirty or forty feet long by twenty or thirty feet wide. On the right, as we entered, was a sort of alcove with dark marble pillars. The walls of the room, which were somewhat irregular, were daubed with whitewash, and very dirty; the floor was of mud and stone. Opposite the alcove, and on the left of the entrance door, was a huge wooden grating, behind which the women were placed. In the centre hung an enormous chandelier of rough woodwork, perhaps about twelve feet square, and covered with bits of candle, glasses with oil and floating wicks, and scraps of glass, and mirrors; an old glass chandelier being opposite the door, likewise garnished with oil lamps and scraps of tallow candle. The light was very dim, and the room had no windows except in the roof which was high and very irregular in form, leading upward until its shape was lost in the gloom. A piece of yellow matting was in the centre, at the edge of which was a small camp stool for the chief priest. For our accommodation, two wooden divans, in shape and size like camp bedsteads, were ranged along the wall opposite the door. In the centre of the matting was a large iron brazier with tripod feet, filled with glowing embers—I think of charcoal. Around this brazier, with their faces inward, a number of persons were sitting, or rather squatting, in Oriental fashion, their shoes placed in rows outside the edge of the matting. Their dress consisted of a fez, with a white and gold turban wound tightly around the lower part of it; underneath this fez they wear white caps. Their cleanliness was very remarkable, and presented a striking contrast to the houses in which they live. On their bodies they wore common white shirts, and loose linen trousers, a waistcoat of embroidered cloth fastened on one shoulder and a loose robe down to the ankles, with loose hanging sleeves. Over all the burnous is worn like the Roman toga, hanging down over the left shoulder, and drawn up under the right into a fold over the breast. About twenty of these in the inner circle near the brazier had musical instruments, The drums, which were the principal instruments, were apparently made of green earthenware bottles, turned upside down, the bottom hammered out, and replaced by thick parchment tied down with a string. They were accompanied by pipes, tambourines, and the clashing of pieces of hard wood and fragments of pottery. After we had been there a short time the music began, under the direction of a leader. At first the measure was slow, but quickened in magnificent crescendos, and diminuendos, with cries of "Allah, Allah!" This lasted nearly three-quarters of an hour. The music was barbaric, but the religious fervor of the performers gave it a certain artistic merit that was very impressive. By degrees the devotees rose from the carpet and stood along the wall of the room opposite to us. They then began to sway from side to side, keeping time to the music; then, as the music became louder, they swayed more and more, sideway and forward; at last bending down on one knee and rapidly rising again.

At last one of them began to roll his head round and round on his breast. Upon this the lesser priests brought him forward on to the matting, and removed the turban, fez, and white cap, leaving his head bare. The head was shaved, with the exception of a long, thick bunch of hair in the centre, which sometimes hung down to the waist. With this the Prophet will lift them into Paradise. The music played louder and louder, and they all began to groan—or rather, I should say, to howl—until the noise was almost insupportable. Then one after another became seized with a delirium, rolling their heads and eyes in a manner that almost frightened me. Then the assistant priests removed the garments from their shoulders, and the brazier was handed from one to another, over which they held their heads to inhale its fumes. Each man then knelt before the high priest, who prayed into each ear in succession. A number of swords were then brought forward. They consisted of broad blades of steel; instead of handles, these swords were fitted into round blocks of wood, about six inches in diameter and two inches thick. The devotees seized them with both hands at the handle and point, and began to raise them over their heads and bring them down with all their force against their waists. Several of them knelt down and placed the points of the swords against the muscles of their shoulders near the neck. The priests then drove the points into the flesh with small wooden mallets, so as to project through the skin on the other side.

### Skipping a Cog.

The other morning a citizen of Sproat street, Detroit, who looked the very picture of health, was waiting to take the car, and whistling as a man will when at peace with all the world, when along came an acquaintance who halted abruptly, gazed at him in a doubtful way, and finally held out his hand, with the remark:

"Well, well! Then I was mistaken."

"In what?"

"Why, I thought I heard my wife reading your death notice two weeks ago, and knowing how bad your liver ——"

"My death notice! Why, there isn't a healthier man in Detroit!"

"And knowing how badly your liver was affected." continued the other, "I didn't wonder at it. You are a terribly careless man."

"Why, how?"

"In not taking more care of yourself. The liver is a great vital organ, and no man showing the symptoms you do has any right to neglect searching for a remedy."

"My liver! I'll bet you $50 that my ——"

"Never mind! If you want to be obstinate that's your lookout and not mine. I simply promise to be one of the pall-bearers. Good mooning!"

It was wonderful how the smile faded and the whistling ceased. Instead of taking the car the man headed down town at a slow pace, a half-scared look on his face, and it was only by a great effort that he passed the first drug-store. When he came to the second he walked in, and without even referring to the weather he said:

"Doc," my liver is slightly out of order, and I guess I'll buy a bottle of invigorator."

He got it and hurried off, anxious to reach the office and get down a dose, and no man will see a smile on his face again until he calls upon some doctor and learns that his liver is working away like a two-horse engine and shows no signs of skipping a cog.

### Putting Blood Back.

There is the liveliest kind of a struggle in progress at the State House, Boston, over an attempt to legalize the manufacture of water gas, the coal gas companies being the chief oponents. At a hearing recently representatives of the Boston gas light company claimed that water gas had caused the death of sixty-seven persons in New York within four years. Mr. Malcolm S. Greenough, of the same company, and president of the New England Society of Gas Engineers, speaking of the physical dangers of the gas, said, under oath, that he had gone to the surgeons at the head of two or three hospitals, and they said that their attention had recently been called to the difference in the effects of the two gases. One doctor said that he had pulled through his last patients who had become blood-poisoned by gas by a new method. He had bled the patients, then oxygenized the blood, and purified it in the air, filling up the veins sometimes with salt and water, so that the action of the heart would continue, and afterward put the purified blood back again, The patients came out all right.

### Kidd's Money.

On Friday March 7th, the House Committee on Military Affairs, at Washington, directed an adverse report to be made on a bill allowing certain persons to dig for treasure on the government land at West Point. The parties are searching for the treasure said to have been hid along the Hudson river by the famous Captain Kidd. They say they have sought this treasure along other points on the Hudson river, and recently offered the government one-fourth of what they may find for permission to dig for it on the West Point Military reservation. A ghost still guards this money.

## FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

There is no other sin but selfishness.

Life is the childhood of Immortality.

Hasty conclusions are the mark of a fool.

The best thing is to do the present thing well.

Nothing is politically right which is morally wrong.

Love is the perpetual source of fears and anxieties.

Heaven is never deaf but when man's heart is dumb.

The young are slaves to novelty; the old to custom.

Make method your slave, but be not a slave to method.

If any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man.

All have the gift of speech, but few are possessed of wisdom.

Poverty may excuse a shabby coat, but is no excuse for shabby morals.

All honest men will bear watching. It is the rascals who cannot stand it.

There is no vice that doth so cover a man with shame as to be found false and perfidious.

It is a great misfortune not to have enough wit to speak well, or not enough judgment to keep silent.

Let men laugh when you sacrifice desire to duty, if they will. You have time and eternity to rejoice in.

He is incapable of a truly good action who knows not the pleasure in contemplating the good actions of others.

Truth, justice and reason lose all their force and all their lustre when they are not accompanied by agreeable manners.

Our incomes are like our shoes; if too small, they gall and pinch us; but if too large, they cause us to stumble and trip.

Discretion is more necessary to women than eloquence, because they have less trouble to speak well than to speak little.

The real wealth of a man is the number of things which he loves and blesses, and by which he is loved and blessed.

When you give, take to yourself no credit for generosity unless you deny yourself something in order that you may give.

Few things are more unchristian and mean than habitual detraction. And yet the habit is one into which we may easily fall.

The secret of all opposition to religion is in the fact that it interferes with the world's love of gain and selfish indulgence.

Emerson says: "The way to make the world better is by reforming number one, then there is surely one less villain in the world.

If you wish to be happy you must learn to be just deaf enough not to hear some things, and just blind enough not to see others.

Nothing helps you so much to feel content, as the taking of what share may, from the nature of the thing, be possible to you.

The difference between a defaulter and a thief is very simple. The one steals enough to hire good lawyers and the other don't.

Experience shows that success is due less to ability than to zeal. The winner is he who gives himself to his work, body and soul.

Be what nature intended you for, and you will succeed. Be anything else, and you will be ten times worse than nothing.

The world is full of fools, and he who would not wish to see one, must not only shut himself up alone, but also break his looking-glass.

It is not so much the mental vision that is desired to discern truth and goodness as the moral courage that dares openly to espouse it.

The present hour is always wealthiest when it is poorer than the future ones, as that is the pleasantest site which affords the pleasantest prospect.

No persons, be they in ever so humble circumstances, but have some quality of mind that entitles them to an equality with their fellow beings.

So great a happiness do I esteem it to be loved that I fancy every blessing, both from gods and men, ready to descend spontaneously upon him who is loved.

Tempests may shake our dwellings and dissipate our commerce, but they scourge before them the lazy elements, which otherwise would stagnate into pestilence.

A holy life, spent in the service of God and in communion with Him, is without doubt the most pleasant and comfortable life that any man can live in this world.

If all men were to bring their misfortunes together in one place, most would be glad to take their own home again, rather than take a portion out of the common stock.

It is a solemn fact that, of every three persons walking on this vast globe, two have never heard of the Savior, have never seen a Bible, know nothing of heaven or hell.

It is never right to do evil that good may come, but always right to conciliate confidence and good will by conforming to others' feeling when no principle is at stake.

To be always intending to lead a new life, but never to find time to set about it, is as if a man should put off eating and drinking from one day to another, till he is starved and destroyed.

A cottage will not hold the bulky furniture and sumptuous accommodations of a mansion; but if God be there, a cottage will hold as much happiness as would stock a palace.

To think we are able is almost to be so; to determine upon attainment is frequently attainment itself. Thus earnest resolution has often seemed to have almost a savor of omnipotence.

The virtue which the world wants is a healthful virtue, not a valetudinarian virtue; a virtue which can expose itself to the risks inseparable from all spirited exertion, not a virtue which keeps out of the common air for fear of infection and eschews the common food as too stimulating.

### THE SABBATH BELL.

Peal on, peal on, I love to hear
The old church ding-dong soft and clear!
The welcome sounds are doubly blest
With future hope and earthly rest.
Yet were no calling changes found
To spread their cheering echoes round,
There's not a place where man may dwell
But he can hear a Sabbath Bell.

Go to the woods, where Winter's song
Howls like a famished wolf along;
Or when the south winds scarcely turn
The light leaves of the trembling fern—
Although no cloister chimes ring there,
The heart is called to faith and prayer;
For all Creation's voices tell
The tidings of the Sabbath Bell.

Go to the billows, let them pour
In gentle calm, or headlong roar;
Let the vast ocean be thy home
Thou'lt find a God upon the foam;
In rippling swell or stormy roll,
The crystal waves shall wake thy soul;
And thou shalt feel the hallowed spell
Of the wide water's Sabbath Bell.

The lark upon his skyward way,
The robin on the hedge-row spray,
The bee within the wild thyme's bloom,
The owl amid the cypress gloom—
All sing in every varied tone
A vesper to the Great Unknown;
Above—below—one chorus swells
Of God's unnumbered Sabbath Bells.

### JANET'S TWO LOVERS.

Janet Elwood stood in a low, vine-wreathed doorway of her home, a comfortable Maine farm home, at the close of a sultry July day. Her glance was directed toward a manly sunburned young fellow, tall and broad-shouldered, who was making her way toward her through the wide, sweet clover meadow.

Nearer he came, until a smile broke the naturally grave expression of his handsome mouth, and he stretched out his arms and drew her to his breast.

Janet, instead of nestling close against the manly heart which she knew beat always warmly and truly with love for her, drew petulantly away.

A deep red flush mounted suddenly to the young man's forehead. He looked at her averted face, her indifferent attitude, with amazement. Was this the girl who had put her hands in his over six months ago and pledged herself to be his "own little wife?"

"Janet," he said, "what is it?"

"What do you mean, John?" Janet kept her eye fastened on the toe of her little shoe, that, notwithstanding her appearance of coolness, beat a lively tattoo against the painted boards. Glancing up she saw an expression on that face bending sternly over her that caused her to add, "I am tired. I have been helping mother get ready for the boarder who has engaged the front chamber for the summer."

"I did not know you expected to take boarders, Janet."

"He is the only one. He came last week, while mother was at the sewing circle, and I showed him the room, and he engaged it for two months, and—and—that's how it is."

Janet's cheeks grew pink as she thought of the dashing stranger's look of admiration, as, in her pink print dress, she had stood at the gate when he went to the city for his baggage. Her tongue seemed unloosened now, and she gave an animated description of her new boarder, informing John that he was an artist from Boston, wealthy and of good family; his name was Raycliffe—Eugene Raycliffe. She pronounced it lingeringly twice over.

John was far from being elated at the prospect. He could not see the delights of the Boston artist's high-toned society as plainly as Janet. He said so in so many words, a trifle more energetically than the occasion warranted, perhaps, but Janet was very pretty and the honest young farmer was very much in love.

"Anybody would think he was an ogre," pouted the young woman, seeing with her quick bright eyes the state of mind her lover was in.

"There he comes now," she cried.

Mr. Eugene Raycliffe smiled under his drooping jet mustache as he noticed Janet's lover.

"Some country bumpkin boring her half to death, I've no doubt; but I'll soon settle him."

These remarks, made mentally, were accompanied by such an air of self-satisfied complacency, as he threw his satchel on the steps and sat down beside it at Janet's feet, that John Wentworth scarcely bowed in answer to the languid "glad to know you" which followed Janet's introduction.

John seemed suddenly overgrown and awkward. Mr. Eugene Raycliffe's hands were so exquisitely white and delicate that his own seemed by contrast redder and of more gigantic proportions than ever.

His attire seemed rough and ill-fitting compared with the natty "store clothes" of the artist from Boston, and altogether John felt awkward and uncomfortable standing with his broad back against the lattice of the porch, and observing with scant approval the upward glances from Mr. Raycliffe's black eyes to Janet's brown ones.

"Your friend seems slightly displeased at something," said he, as John, with a brief farewell and never a second glance at Janet, walked away with a firm step and head well up.

John had no fancy for standing about unnoticed, especially while the girl to whom he was engaged coolly allowed a comparative stranger to monopolize her smiles and society.

"Don't go off angry, John," said Janet, trying the witchery of her eyes on her farmer lover. "He is so deeply in love with me that I can wind him around my finger," she thought.

And it would be very fine to have two swains sighing at her feet, especially two like John Wentworth, by far the best catch in the country around, and the stylish, dashing Raycliffe, the new arrival, is sure to create a furore among the maids and matrons of Sunnydale.

John would not soften, spite of the moonlight of Janet's upraised eyes, shining under the fair curly lashes.

"I will come back when you can treat a fellow decently, Janet. I am not going to be fooled to the top of my bent to please you any longer. Good evening."

This was the last Janet saw of John. But she had little time to think of him, while Mr. Raycliffe devoted himself so entirely to her amusement. He painted her portrait, and while she sat for him, beguiled the time reciting in tender tones, yards of tender, sentimental poetry; they went on sketching tours; they sat on the piazza in the twilight and sang together; Janet had a sweet alto voice, which the boarder was not long in finding admirably suited his own.

Things went on until Janet's mother, with many a nod and beck and wreathed smile, intimated that there was an "understanding" between the two young people. John Wentworth was well enough in his way, honest, sober and industrious, and shrewd as need be, but she looked higher for Janet. Janet had been to boarding school, she had the education of a lady, she could sing and play the piano, and Mr. Raycliffe praised her drawing more than a little. And, by the way he hung around (his time to go back to the city was up, but he had engaged the room for another month,) she was sure something would come of it. She could sniff weddings in the air, and went so far as to ask Mrs. Brown's opinion as to the most fashionable way of making dresses, a very nice one, suitable—and then Janet's mother hesitated, smiled and looked very wise—suitable for a wedding dress. Of course Mrs. Brown knew at once that the dress was for Janet, and through Mrs. Brown, who was sometimes called "The Sunnydale Daily Tattler," the rest of them were informed without the loss of precious time.

The report came to the ears of John Wentworth. Like a sensible fellow he concealed whatever feeling of disappointment and chagrin the announcement aroused from the prying busybodies. He did not stay away from church or from any of the social village gatherings of young people, because he met Janet and her devoted adorer there. Not he; he danced and loved the more, although the pain in his heart, which he determinedly hid from view, was in reality long in dying out.

Janet had been his first love, and however lightly she had loved him, he, at least, had been sincere, and could not forget her in a day, try as he might.

Time, however, is a great healer, and when one hazy October day Janet rode over in her little phæton to ask John and his sisters to go berrying, he looked her straight in the eye and wished her a "happy future" without a tremor in his hearty voice or a quiver in his eyelids.

"Eugene has gone to Boston," said Janet, flicking the flies off her gray pony, and leaning forward. "We should have heard from him yesterday. I feel a little worried. He had a good deal of money with him. We sent to the city by him for things we could not get here, and several of the neighbors—Judge Jordan, Squire Ellis and others—paid him in advance for portraits. I dreamed last night of his being robbed and killed. Ugh! it makes me shiver. I know I'm foolish, but I can't feel easy."

Bills began to fall due, and Mr. Eugene Raycliffe was still like the unknown quantity represented by x. People began to talk. Janet's mother took to bed with a sudden illness, and of a nature unexplained and obscure.

Janet grew pale waiting for a letter. Finally, one bright Sunday morning Sunnydale, individually and collectively, was agape over a startling headline in the Boston *Journal*.

"Arrest last night of Joseph Raymond, otherwise known as 'Dashing Joe,' and having for his latest alias Eugene Raycliffe. Several well-to-do residents of Sunnydale victimized by the accomplished and gentlemanly scoundrel."

"The affair was a nine day's wonder. But after a month or two had passed away and the excitement had quieted, people began to wonder if John Wentworth would "take up with his pretty, early love."

Encouragement for him to do so was not lacking (so the matrons of Sunnydale will tell you) from Janet's mother. Janet herself wrote a little note on perfumed paper to John, and this was the closing part of his reply:

"I don't want to reproach you for your throwing me over as you did. You have been punished quite enough. But for a man like me it's no use trying to go on with things as they were now. Better each go our own way. And, although I cannot feel toward you as I did once, believe me that I bear no ill-will toward you, and regard me if you will as a friend still."

When, a year after, on another still October day, John told Janet of his approaching wedding to a young lady in Boston, Janet cried a little, and offered faint, lachrymose congratulations, with a fury of regret and jealousy in her heart that the young lady of Boston fortunately knew nothing about. And Janet's mother frets Summer and Winter because Janet is an old maid; but, nevertheless, she frowns severely on any luckless man who offers a "Summer boarder's" remuneration for her spare front room. It is not to let.

### A Street-Car Romance.

"Do many woman travel on the cars alone at night," was asked of a Chicago conductor.

More than you would ever think. Two years ago a lady doctor used to be my regular passenger. She got in at Clark street every night for nearly twenty months at 10.30 o'clock and rode to May. She boarded in a house in the middle of the block and was as cowardly as the most timid of her sex. She was in mortal dread of passing the alleyway which was just this side of her home and I used to get off and wait until that lane of terror had been reached. She would stop there, peer into the darkness, and if all was well a shrill, short whistle was the signal for me to chase my car. It always came, summer and winter, moonlight and storm, every night in the week, but she never left the car until I promised to come if I did not get the signal. Who was she? One of the sweetest women the Lord ever created. At that time she was about studying medicine with a doctor who was blind. He had talent, skill and a large practice, which was very remarkable. But he prescribed and she was his eyes. She accompanied him on all his rounds, kept his books, and was with him from 8 o'clock in the morning until 10.30 at night. He had an office on the southwest corner of Clark and Madison, and gave most of his attention to office practice. He was about 45 years old, and some fifteen years the lady's senior. After awhile they were married, and the next time I met her she said that the doctor had eaten something at the wedding supper which produced some disease of the stomach and killed him three days after the marriage. She was very much affected, gave me a book of poems, said she was going back East to her old home, and I never saw her again.

### Birthdays in Germany.

An important matter in a German household is the birthdays. Nothing seems to give more pleasure than celebrating one. The birthday of one of the housekeeping young ladies was in June. The night before, a box came, addressed to the lady of the house from her home. Upon going down stairs at seven next morning we were surprised to see no appearance of coffee, so, opening the glass doors, went into the garden, where a gay scene presented itself. A large arbor was hung with garlands and white curtains, and in the center was a table covered with white, on which were spread the presents, and a huge round cake occupied the place of honor, surrounded by a wreath of flowers, and in the middle a candle was burning. Outside were two smaller tables, with coffee, cakes, etc., standing around which was a large party talking and laughing. Upon seeing us approach they came forward to wish us good morning and to enjoy our looks of surprise. The birthday child (a substantial maiden of 21), advanced blushing, with a wreath of flowers on her head. The young ladies of the house had been up early, decorating the arbor and making things as homelike as possible for her on her birthday. The winter birthdays were equally interesting. That of the lady of the house was adorned with branches of trees from the woods and wreaths surrounded the table laid out with presents. One table was devoted to useful articles, such as pots, pans, etc., and these were also surrounded by garlands. At 4 company began to arrive, but with no invitation, although preparations in the way of coffee and supper had been made for above twenty, and it is a great disappointment if friends fail to appear.

### Trefoil.

In places of Germany when a young girl finds a leaf of trefoil divided into four instead of three parts, it is a sign that she will be married within a year; at all events, she carefully preserves this leaf till her wedding-day. On Christmas Eve the countrymen are accustomed to drive out a great deal in sledges. They think that this will cause their hemp to be more abundant and higher. They do not fail to visit the ale-house and to drink heartily the same evening, being convinced that this is a way to make them look well till the following Christmas. They never destroy crickets by fire, being persuaded that those which escape will destroy their linen and clothes. When a peasant loses his way in the wood after sunset, he avoids calling any person to show him the way, being convinced that in any case the evil spirit of the forest would cause him to plunge still deeper into it recesses.

CANE chairs are more used than ever. Some are painted in colors, others have the backs and seats cushioned with plush, while the arm chairs are ornamented with ribbons and bows.

### Steam Corks.

Several flights of narrow, rickety stairs in one of the great business blocks on Franklin street, Chicago, lead to a large loft in which half a dozen machines of simple appearance, but of the most ingenious construction, are in rapid motion, each one turning out fifty thousand corks of all dimensions and shapes every day. The manufacture of that exceedingly useful article by machinery is in its infancy, not only in this city, but in the world. Until a comparitively recent date corks were cut by hand, and it took an experienced workman a whole day to finish a thousand marketable corks, with a great waste of material. To day a machine run by steam and attended by a small girl does fifty times the amount of work with unerring precision and the smallest possible waste of material.

The large plates of the raw material of the trade are assorted as to thickness corresponding with the length of the corks to be manufactured, and placed in steam chests, where they are rendered pliable by the moist steam. Any rough excresences that might be on the outer or inner surface of the plates are then removed by a steam planer which gives an even thickness to the plate. The latter is next cut into strips of a width corresponding to the diameter of the top of the cork to be obtained, and then the cutting process begins.

Corks for the bottling of wine and beer are not tapered, but are cut out of the strips sraight by a circular knife run upon a piston driven by steam. The operator simply presses the strip of cork against the knife, which cuts the the cork out evenly and quickly, and deposits it in a chute leading to the receptacle for the finished corks The process is very simple, and a good operator with first-class material finishes 80,000 straight corks a day with ease.

All the shavings are carefully collected and sold for various industrial purposes. The finished corks are assorted as to quality, those of the finest grade to be without any flaw, and are ready for the market. Tapered corks, mostly for smaller bottles and phials, are calculated to be used oftener than once, and have to pass through a second cutting process. Like all the work in a modern cork-cutting establishment, that of giving a conical shape to the cork is done by a machine driven by steam. The automatical cutter is a rapidly revolving steel disk running under a clasp into which the straight-cut cork is inserted by hand. The clasp can be regulated to press the cork against the sharp edges of the disk in any angle corresponding to the shape to be obtained. The finished corks dropped into one receptacle and the shavings into another.

### Swimming for Life.

Details of a remarkable swimming feat, have just come to hand from Auckland, New Zealand. The facts as stated in the local papers which are before us are verified, if any such verification were needed, by private letters to the relatives and friends in this country of the hero of the exploit, namely, a Captain Haultain, son of Colonel Haultain, who is 32 years of age and weighs, we are told, fourteen stone, and commands a sailing vessel on the New Zealand coast. The night of September 9 was, it appears, an excessively stormy one, a strong gale blowing from the east-south-east, dark, rainy and unusually cold. About 2 A. M. his ship was making for the entrance of the Whangerei harbor. The Captain himself was upon the deck occupied with some alteratron in the rigging, and while clearing away some ropes was caught by the peak "down all" and flung clear off the ship into the raging sea. Capt. Haultain had on at this time a heavy overcoat, high sea boots up to his thighs, two pairs of trousers, two shirts and two undershirts. Taking it for granted that a boat would be sent back to look for him as soon as possible, he swam with these appalling incumbrances upon him, as near as he could tell, about half an hour in the wake of the ship, coo-ee-ing, after the fashion of antipodeans by land and sea. No boat, however, appearing, he felt that his only chance was to strike out for the shore. At this time he was no great distance from the Frenchman at the mouth of the harbor and succeeded in stripping himself of the load of clothes and of the long boots, an operation which in itself must have been exhausting enough, necessitating, as it did, frequent dives. To make the nearest land he soon found was hopeless, on account of the strong ebb tide that was running, and he had nothing for it but to head for the opposite shore of the harbor, three miles distant, which two or three lights made visible through the darkness. This extraordinary feat—extraordinary, that is, when the circumstances are considered—he succeeded in accomplishing, and he was picked up, after being three hours and a half in the water, clinging to the beach with his hands, half senseless, his legs having lost all power of action and the surf breaking over him. In the meantime his men on the schooner had lost no time in putting off a boat to the rescue of their captain. After rowing for some time they gave up the search as fruitless, and, the boat being small, were themselves in no great security. The schooner, left short-handed, was driven ashore upon the same beach as its captain some time before the latter, and the boat heading for the same point was capsized in the surf, the men struggling ashore as best they could, though without loss of life. They remained upon the beach about three hours, till day light showed them where they were. Traveling then along the shore in the direction of the nearest house they heard cries as from a man struggling in the water, and eventually found their gallant captain in the surf, as before described. The force of the sea that was running all through that night, say the local accounts, may be realized by the fact that the vessel was driven so high and dry upon the beach that at high tide it was possible to walk up to her dry shod.

The Auckland papers speak of it as the most wonderful performance that has ever been enacted upon the New Zealand coast, and claim for Captain Haultain the mantle of the unfortunate Webb. They note the fact, also, that he was such a determined abstainer that when half dead and totally numbed with exhaustion he refused to swallow a spoonful of brandy. They exult, and with good reason, in the fact of this heroic swimmer being a native of the colony, and are justly proud that the bone and muscle and pluck capable of such a feat should be a production of their soil. The three-mile swim on a cold night in a storm would have been in itself no mean accomplishment, though far from being an unparalleled one; but when it was, as in this case, preceded by half an hour of waiting in the water for the boat to come back in clothes such as would have sent an ordinary swimmer to the bottom in five minutes, then supplemented by the extra task of disrobing under such circumstances, not to speak of the first futile attempts to reach the nearest shore, it would be hard to imagine a greater test of human endurance. Captain Haultain has, it appears, been long noted as a famous swimmer. One of the New Zealand papers finishes up its account of the adventure thus: "His escape is phenomenal, but he is a phenomenal swimmer, being able literally to sit on the water with his hands at his hip paddling. This we are informed by many who have seen him giving an exhibition of his wonderful powers when lying with his vessel at the wharves."

### Whittier at Home.

Mr. Whittier has never married, and with the single exception of the exquisite lines entitled "Benedicite," he has given the public no clew to the romance of his youth. His sister Elizabeth, sympathizing with him completely, of a rare poetic nature and fatsidigus taste, and of delicate dark-eyed beauty, was long a companion that must have made the want of any other less keenly felt than by lonely men in general. The bond between the sister and brother was more perfect than any of which we have known, except that between Charles and Mary Lamb, and in this instance the conditions were of perfect moral and mental health. To the preciousness of the relationship the pages of the poet bear constant witness, and Amesbury village is full of traditions of their affection, and of the gentle loevliness and brilliant wit of Elizabeth, whom the people admired and reverenced almost as much as they do the poet himself. For his old neighbors have the closest affection for Mr. Whittier; except very occasionally; what was his thought has been theirs; and now that he is not with them daily, they miss him sadly, and among those who miss him most and make the most complaint about it are the children on the street. This is not remarkable when one remembers that Mr. Whittier does not stand on his dignity, but joins in the game played in his presence, writes his nonsense verses on demand, has the keenest sense of the ludicrous, and loves all sorts of innocent fun. We have heard him say that he was known among the children as the man with a parrot—the parrot being a remarkable bird, that used to stop the doctor's gig with his "whoa!" and when the school bell rang would call from his lofty perch, "Run in, boys! run in!"—the fact being that the children felt the parrot to be a bond between them, and he was less of a demigod and more of a man to their imagination on account of "Charlie." Mr. Whittier is of course very fond of children, and has been known to risk the loss of an important train with equanimity when the easy-going, good-natured hackman had been overtaken by an uproarious school of children, and had gone with them for a little drive, appearing at the door at length, the carriage overflowing with the rosy faces of the laughing little people, who cared nothing about time, tide and the train.

A CABLE despatch informs us that King Humbert has conferred upon Herr Von Kendall the Grand Cordon of the Order of St. Maurice and St. Lazarus. This will please old Kendall's many friends in this town. We have often wondered why the King didn't heap this honor upon him, but it is better late that never.

SHIRT bosoms for day remain perfectly plain, in shield shape, and are made of three thicknesses of linen, with very fine cord, or merely rows of stitching on the edge that laps. All ornament is useless for the bosoms, as they are entirely concealed by the high vest and scarf.

### Pleased by the Flood.

A recent visitor to Caseyville, Kentucky, writes: I noticed one man who leaned against the guards of the boat this morning, gazing out across the tops of the trees that have begun to lift their limbs from the waters. His was a clear-cut face with strong determined Kentucky lines. His eyes were gray and cold, but I could fancy in passion they would blaze into white heat. He wore a jean shirt. His breeches evidently were guiltless of any acquaintance with suspenders, and were strapped about his waist with a piece of rope. Beside him stood a girl of 8 or 9 years, a strange, shy child, who lifted her eyes occasionally with a scared, furtive glance.

"This is a bad lookout," I observed, as a method of picking up acquaintanship. The man started as if aroused from a dream. The child shrank nearer to him and slipped her hand in his.

"Ma'm, I wuzn't thinkin' on what you wuz sayin'," he replied. I repeated my remark. A light flashed over his face. He drew the child nearer to him.

"I don't rightly know as I care much on it now, ma'am," he said, "since it's guv me back my little gal."

"What do you mean?"

"Don't you know 'bout my little gal? Why, I reckon you don't live 'round these parts, then? She's been stoled goin' on two years, and I'd never found her if it hadn't been for this rise. Why, I s'posed everybody knowed 'bout my little gal bein' stoled."

"Tell me how it was."

"'Twas her dead mother's brother as done it—God an' him knows what fur. Spite I reckon. He sneaked her off'n the night. T'other day I wuz out'n a skiff goin' to feed my hogs over there on the foot-hills, an' I seed somethin' floatin' along way clingin' to a log. I made right fur it. Then I seed it wus a man. He cried out wild like: 'Fur God's sake pick me up. I can't hold on much longer.' I knowed that voice. I knowed that cursed white face Fur two year I'd ben a hearkin' an' a lookin' for them. I rowed up to him like mad. Then I raised an oar, struck him on the breast to loosen his hold on the log, an' reachin' out clutched his har. Sez I: 'You———scoundrel, tell me whar's my gal, or I'll bang yer on the head with an oar. 'He looked at me, gritty like an' sez: 'Take me in an' I'll tell ye.' Sez I: 'You tell me before I count ten or I'll kill ye.' He sez: 'She's in the orphan 'sylum at Evansville, Bill.' 'Fur God's sake, what did ye put her thar fur?' I yelled, an' I could have drowned him then if I hadn't sort o' promised I'd save him if he telled me. I tuk him in. 'Ye miserable whelp,' I said, 'yer not worth savin' an' yer not worth killin'.' Then I took a yawl an' rowed up hyar to git the derned fust packet. An' I found her; I found Polly, shuah, in that 'sylum. Look at her han's, will ye?" and he held up the poor little scrawny members, seamed and marked by labor. "Look at her thin little shoulders, will ye?" he continued. "That's all been done up thar, an' by that infernal villain's work. The pore child's ben worked like a derned mule." He put his hand up to his eyes, winked hard, and turned his face away.

"What did you do when you first saw her in the asylum?" I inquired.

"I jest hugged her right smart."

"What did she do?"

"She jest hugged me right smart. Thar'll be a fatted-calf racket at our house to night, risen' or no risen'. The watah won't keep us from that."

### N. P. Willis' Cuff Buttons.

The statement is now made that Mr. Aldrich has abandoned his plan of writing the life of N. P. Willis for the American "Men of Letter" series for want of time, which reminds me that when Mr. Aldrich began to collect material for this biography he called upon Mrs. Eddy, Mr. Willis' daughter, asking for letters and memorials of her father. In the course of the call Mr. Aldrich showed her his cuff-buttons. "Do you recognize these?" he inquired. "Certainly I do," she answered, "How came you by them?" "I was calling upon Mrs. Fields the other day," Mr. Aldrich answered, "and she gave them to me with the remark, 'Lord Beaconsfield gave them to N. P. Willis and N. P. Willis gave them to Mr. Fields, and now I want you to wear them.'" "That is all very fine," Mrs. Eddy observed, "but I gave the buttons to Mr. Fields myself. He wanted something that had belonged to father, and afterward used to delight in saying that he wore the cuff-buttons of N. P. Willis and the collar stud of Charles Dickens. As for Beaconsfield, he never saw them; I bought them myself in a most unromantic shop in Broadway." "Well, don't tell," the caller said, laughing; "the bigger story is a good deal better." But he boasted of Beaconsfield's sleeve-links no more.

ON arriving at Calais on her way to make the grand tour an English lady was surprised and somewhat indignant at being termed, for the first time in her life, "a foreigner." "You mistake, Madame," said she to the libeler, with some pique, "it is you who are foreigners. We are English."

THE blackballing of a man of some note at a club was accounted for in a group discussing the matter by the remark: "Well, the fact is he is disagreeable—all his friends hate him."

# THE CENTRE REPORTER

FRED KURTZ, . . . Editor.

CENTRE HALL, PA., March, 26, '84


The following is very sensible and is a matter to which the REPORTER adverted over a year ago:

The following card, signed by all the ministers of Newport, is worthy of notice: "We, the undersigned, believing that the custom of feasting in the house of mourning, after funerals, results in more harm than good, desire to give notice that, as a rule, we decline to "return to the house for refreshments," after funeral services. We also affectionately urge our people to avoid arranging for Sunday funerals."

## THE TARIFF QUESTION.

III.

England's institutions and customs differf rom those of the United States. England has an oppressive system of agrarian laws, which differs radically from the free land policy of the United States. In England the old feudal system still prevails to a certain extent; and it is very hard for a poor man to get possession of land in his own right. In America we have plenty of land, and every farmer can become a land-owner. Poor, misgoverned Ireland is the dominion of the aristocratic landlord, and she bears fruit in her wretchedness and misery. When England is compared with Germany, Austria, Spain, protective nations, with institutions very closely allied to those of England, it is found that there are more paupers in these countries than there are in England. What sort of a showing is this for protection? Moreover England had paupers before she adopted a free trade policy. John Stewart Mill, one of the greatest philosophers and thinkers England has produced, speaking of the subject of paupers and free trade, says that "no great improvements in the lot of mankind are possible, until a great change takes place in the fundamental constitution of their modes of thought." In his opinion no change in the condition of the degraded workingmen of his country could be expected, until they received a moral and intellectual training, and could think for themselves. Such a thing as the mere change of free trade to protection could not have any perceptible effect either way upon ignorant working classes. To elevate and improve their condition they would have to be reached some other way. In this he is correct, and his testimony remains undisputed.

Nor are the United States by any means free from paupers. The census of 1880 show that we have 88,665 paupers. Now then, let us institute a legitimate comparison between the states containing the protected manufactories and industries, and those states engaged in agriculture, stock-raising, etc., which are not protected. The Eastern and Middle states by census of 1880 had a population of over fourteen millions, with 56,066 paupers; while the remaining states and territories, with a population of thirty-five millions, or more than double that of the principal manufacturing section, had 32,599 paupers; giving a ratio of one pauper to every 260 inhabitants in the protected states, against one pauper to every 1100 inhabitants in the unprotected states. Or to take a more specific comparison, let us compare our own state, whose wealth consists chiefly in protected industries, with the state of Texas, where there are but few protected industries, and where the people chiefly follow agricultural pursuits and stock-raising. In 1880 Pennsylvania, with a population of 4,282,891, had 12,646 paupers; for the same period Texas, with 1,591,749 inhabitants, had 533 paupers; giving one pauper to every 339 in Pennsylvania against one pauper to every 2,984 in Texas. A comparison with other states would show the same condition of affairs. Now these figures and facts prove just this, that where there is a high protection there the most paupers are to be found; and that a high tax, instead of bettering the condition of the people, realy helps to grind them down. What other conclusion can be found?

Then again, protectionists tell the workingmen of our country that if the tariff is abolished or altered, they will be compelled to compete with the cheap labor of the world and England's pauper-labor. The fallacy of this is very easily proved. The American farmer is taxed for his harness, for his farming implements, for his clothing, medicines, certain necessary articles of food, etc. If he has the good fortune to get a crop safely through droughts, grasshoppers, bugs, worms, storms, etc., after tilling the ground with heavily taxed implements, and reaping and threshing it with another set of heavily taxed machinery, then he must take it to market in a taxed wagon and with taxed harness. Finally his grain is shipped to market over rails taxed 65 per cent. The price of his grain is regulated by the supply and demand of the world, and he must sell his grain in a cheap market in competition with all grain producers of the world, while everything he has used in producing his crop has been purchased in a dear market. And yet the American farmer is by no means a pauper. Not only this, but practical experience has shown that skilled workingmen have nothing to fear from either cheap or pauper labor. High priced American labor produces many things which are sold in countries where labor is very cheap and where the same articles are produced. Take for instance the manufacture of firearms. The United States can even undersell England although the machinery and raw material for producing these firearms are heavily taxed. Switzerland would like to be protected against the importation of our cheap clocks and watches. Spain with cheaper labor yet than England, wants protection against some articles in which England is underselling her. England has nothing to fear from the Chinese in starting rival manufactories and underselling her, and yet Chinese labor is cheaper than English labor. In the United States the skilled workingmen of the North have nothing to fear from cheap labor of Southern negroes. Why is this? Simply because intelligence and skill never need fear ignorant and cheap labor. There will always be work for the trained and intelligent workingman. And yet protectionists, in face of all these facts, have the audacity to say that if the Democratic party succeeds in modifying this oppressive and injurious protective tariff system, then the workingmen of this country will be thrown out of employment, and that we soon will have as many paupers as England.

## HOW SPOOLS ARE MADE.

The birch is first sawed into sticks four or five feet long and seven-eighths of an inch to three inches square, according to the size of the spool to be produced. These sticks are thoroughly seasoned. They are sawed into short blocks, and the blocks are dried in a hot-air kiln. At the time they are sawed a hole is bored through them. One whirl of the little block against sharp knives shaped by a pattern makes the spools at the rate of one per second. A small boy feeds the spool machine, simply placing the blocks in a spout and throwing out the knotty or defective stock.

The machine is automatic, but cannot do the sorting. The spools are revolved rapidly in drums and polish themselves. For some purposes they are dyed yellow, red, or black. They are made into thousands of shapes and sizes. When one sees a spool of thread "100 yards" or "200 yards," these words do not signify that the thread has been measured, but that the spool has been gauged, and is supposed to contain so much thread. When a silk or a linen or a cotton firm wants a spool made, it sends a pattern to the spoolmaker. The pattern gives the size and shape of the barrel and of the head and bevel. These patterns determine the amount of thread that the spool will hold. One factory turns out 100,000 gross of spools per day, and consumes 2,500 cords of birch annually. Thirty-five hands are employed in the mill. During the Winter 250 wood-choppers are sometimes employed.

## FORESTS AND DRAINAGE.

Cover a table with a thick stratum of spongy moss and pour on a gallon of water. The water will ooze through and trickle down the table, but very slowly, day by day, and that process of filteration will continue for a long time; four hours after the table will still be dripping wet. Then remove the moss and empty the same gallon pot on the centre of the table. This time the deluge will pour down in a thick rush and four hours later the table will be as dry as if nothing had happened. With the same difference of result a rain shower acts on a wooded and treeless country. The forest, with its net-work of moss and roots, absorbs nine-tenths of the moisture, and yields it slowly in brooks and perrenial springs. A naked hill permits it to pour down in rapid deluge, brooks swell to torrents and rivers to seas; but in the Summer time those same rivers shrink to shallow creeks, their head waters in the treeless mountains have run dry.

## THE USE OF COFFEE IN BRAZIL.

According to the statement of the Vice-Director of the Rio Janeiro Faculty of Medicine, it appears that in Brazil, where great quantities of coffee are used, and where all the inhabitants take it many times a day, alcoholism is completely unknown. It is further stated that the immigrants arriving in that country, though beset with the passion for alcohol, contract little by little, the habits of the Brazilians, acquiring their fondness for drinking coffee and their aversion for liquors; and, as the children of these immigrants, brought up with coffee from their early years, never contract the fatal habits known to their parents, it would seem that the number of drunkards in the country is in inverse ratio to the amount of coffee consumed. A South American correspondent of the *Medical Times* confirms the above statements, asserting that the number of cafes in the large cities of Brazil—where multitudes of persons, from the highest down to the lowest classes, go in to take a cup of that delicious beverage which none but Brazilians know how to make properly—is enormous; while drinking saloons or bars are very few, and their patrons fewer still.

## A PERFECT PIECE OF MECHANISM.

The *English Mechanic* says: "Although the average speed of trains in the United States is 20 per cent. below the mean speed of trains in this country, all things considered, the service controlled by the American engineers compares favorably with any in the world. The American engineers at first copied English builder and made locomotives with single drivers; but, as is their wont, they quickly made improvements, and we are not disposed to dispute with Mr. Edwards the dictum that the American locomotive of to-day is 'one of the most perfect pieces of mechanism wrought out by the hand and mind of man.'"

## A LEAP YEAR SPOILED.

It is explained that the year 1900 will not be a leap year, although it is divisible by four without a remainder. In order to make calendar and solar time agree as nearly as they can be got for many centuries to come, the Gregorian calendar drops three leap years out of every four centuries, and these omissions are upon such leap years as will not divide by 400 without a remainder—although they can be divided evenly by 4. The year 1600 was a leap year, but 1700 and 1800 were not, and 1900 will not be.

If a man have not found his home in God, his manners, his forms of speech, the turn of his sentences, the build (shall I say?) of all his opinions will involuntarily confess it, let him brave it out how he will.

A new two-horse, iron axle wagon, for sale by A. J. Grove. 6mar4t

A newly born male child was found a few days ago in the Juniata river at Bridgeport with a piece of rope wound tightly about its neck. The supposition is that the body was sunk in the river with a heavy weight, which had subsequently became detached from its fastening. Suspicion rests on a young woman who recently came to the village, and whose whereabouts since have been shrouded in mystery.

——The famous clothing house of Lewins & Co., otherwise known as the Philadelphia Branch, has done a larger business the past winter than any previous season, and far larger than any other similar establishment in this or adjoining counties. The secret of the big trade is *low prices*, and genuine goods. They keep no garments to deceive, and give you a guarantee that all is as represented.

——A number of boys, whose ages do not average 10 years, organized a band in Erie county, to poison their respective mothers and flee to the West to become desperadoes.

——Latest styles and best quality Sedora hats, only $2.50 at the Bee Hive.

Not extensive advertising but genuine merit has placed McDonald's Improved Liver Pills at the head of the list. The most scrupulous and exacting care exercised in selection of material; the highest chemical skill employed in their manufacture, and sold on an honest guarantee. Dissatisfied buyers can have their money refunded. Sold by J. D. Murray. tf


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MACKEREL,

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Those desiring good choice Mackerel during Lent call on the undersigned, who are considered by epicures to carry the

FRESHEST AND FINEST LINE OF

**--Unadulterated Groceries--**

that can be purchased.

TURKEY PRUNES, 8c per lb.
FRENCH PRUNES, 15c " "
Evaporated APPLES, 15c " "

New Goods Arriving DAILY.

FINE TEAS A SPECIALTY, and once tried always used.

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Give it a trial.

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**Cost, COST, Cost.**

DRY GOODS & NOTION DEPARTMENT

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VALENTINES STORE Co., Lim.,

Bellefonte, Penn'a.

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"I wish to express my appreciation of the valuable qualities of

**Ayer's Cherry Pectoral**

as a cough remedy.

"While with Churchill's army, just before the battle of Vicksburg, I contracted a severe cold, which terminated in a dangerous cough. I found no relief till on our march we came to a country store, where, on asking for some remedy, I was urged to try AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL.

"I did so, and was rapidly cured. Since then I have kept the PECTORAL constantly by me, for family use, and I have found it to be an invaluable remedy for throat and lung diseases. J. W. WHITLEY."

Thousands of testimonials certify to the prompt cure of all bronchial and lung affections, by the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL. Being very palatable, the youngest children take it readily.

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Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

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We would especially suggest in Heating Stoves the

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FORT ORANGE,
EASTLAKE AND
WELCOME HOME.

In Cooks the REGULATOR PIONEER

In Ranges the VICTOR & APOLLA.

A full assortment of Fire Brick and Grates on hand.

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**CARRIAGE WORKS**

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——PHAETONS,
——SPRING WAGONS,
——&c., ——&c.

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LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD TIME TABLE.

| | Leave Westward. 1 A.M. | 3 A.M. | 5 P.M. | 7 P.M. | 9 P.M. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Montandon | 7.00 | 9.10 | 9.40 | 6.40 | 7.20 |
| Lewisburg, ar. | 7.10 | 9.20 | 9.45 | 15.0 | 5.30 |
| Lewisburg, lv. | 7.25 | | 10.05 | 2.10 | |
| Fair Ground | 7.30 | | 10.13 | 2.20 | |
| Biehl | 7.40 | | 10.27 | 2.30 | |
| Vicksburg | 7.45 | | 10.36 | 2.36 | |
| Mifflinburg | 8.00ar. | | 11.00 | .50 | |
| Mifflinburg, lv | 8.00 | | | 1e3.00 | |
| Milmont | 8.22 | | | 3.28 | |
| Laurelton | 8.33 | | | 3.40 | |
| Coburn | 9.48 | | | 5.00 | |
| Spring Mills, ar | 10.15 | | | ar.5.30 | |

| | Leave Eastward. 2 A.M. | 4 A.M. | 6 | 8 | 10 P.M. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Spring Mills | | 5.58 | | | 1.50 |
| Coburn | | 6.1 | | | 2.20 |
| Laurelton | | 7.30 | | | 3.46 |
| Milmont | | 7.40 | | | 3.52 |
| Mifflinburg, ar. | | 8.00 | | A.M. | 4.15 |
| Mifflinburg, lv. | | 8.00 | | 11.55 | 4.15 |
| | | P.M. | | | |
| Vicksburg | | 8.15 | | 12.10 | 4.32 |
| Biehl | | 8.00 | | 12.13 | 4.38 |
| Fair Ground | | 8.30 | | 12.25 | 4.38 |
| Lewisburg, ar. A.M | | 8.55 | | 12.50 | 5.55 |
| Lewisburg, lv. 6.55 | | 8.45 | 9.25 | 1.10 | 6.00 |
| Montandon ar. 6.45 | | ar.9.00 | ar.9.35 | ar.1.20 | ar.5.10 |

Additional trains leave Lewisburg for Montandon at 5.35 P. M. and 7.30 P. M., returning leave Montandon for Lewisburg at 6.00 P. M. and 7.55 P. M.


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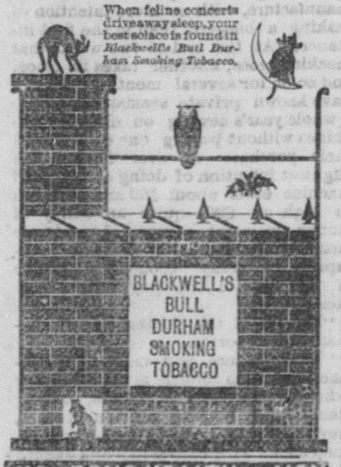


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An English Veterinary surgeon and Chemist, now traveling in this country, says that most of the Horse and Cattle Powders sold here are worthless trash. He says that Sheridan's Condition Powders are absolutely pure and immensely valuable. Nothing on earth will make hens lay like Sheridan's Powders. 25 cents per package; by mail, for 30 letter stamps. L. S. JOHNSON & Co., Boston, Mass.

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Above extract from a letter dated—W. Va. Dec. 26, 1881

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ALL DRUGGISTS SELL IT.


### THE INVISIBLE PRINCE.

Who, you ask, could be this magnificent mole, this mighty maker of a regal rabbit warren? His Grace William John Cavendish Scott-Bentinck, fifth Duke of Portland, was certainly no ordinary nobleman. History might be searched in vain for another such patrician. He stands alone in the solitude of his own odd, isolated originality. His character was a study. Why did he build underground? It was not for want of space above. The Bentincks own 153,163 English acres, besides London estates. He built magnificent stables and superb riding schools, but he never strode a horse. He built a ballroom which is almost without a rival, but he never danced. He erected skating-rinks but never skated. He found employment for vast numbers, yet he could not have been respected, for the workmen felt that their labor was being thrown away. He was called the "Invisible Prince" because of the air of mystery with which he clothed himself. A member of the four leading London clubs, he never entered their portals. His shooting and hunting parties were unsurpassed, but he never saw his invited guests. He cultivated flowers and fruit, whose fragrance and flavor never ministered to his enjoyment. He bred trout by the forty thousand a year, yet he was not an angler. A great farmer, agriculture attracted him not. "Can't you let it alone?" was Lord Palmerston's advice to a perfervid politician. "Can't you leave me alone?" was the lifelong aspiration of the Hermit of Welbeck the Wonderful. He lived to his eightieth year. There is an expressive marble bust of him in the underground picture gallery. It is a kindly, shrewd, noble and intelligent face. In the head a Lavater would see "constructiveness" writ large. The recluse loved to be hidden from the sight of men; he is now out of human gaze forever. Inquisitive sightseers may regard with wondering eyes the monuments of his unaccountable taste; but the builder himself they never beheld. It was his delight to be underground; he is now beneath the mould forever.

### INSANITY IN FRANCE.

One of the most striking features of modern French life is the rapid increase of insanity, the number of cases of which, and especially those induced by alcoholism, is becoming larger each year. During 1882 there were 13,434 admissions into the asylums, of which 10,181 were new cases, the total number under treatment in the year being 58,760, of which 27,000 were men and 31,000 women, showing that females are the most liable to the disease. That they are less influenced by treatment is shown by the fact that the average duration of treatment for men is 276 days, while for women it is 295 days. The following statistics represent the character of the brain diseases and the average time that each class requires for supervision in the asylums: Simple insanity, 33,629 patients' average time 287 days; softening of brain and paralysis, 8,665, average time 250 days; senile dementia, 4,495, average time 189 days; idiots and *Cretins*, 5,377, average time 298 days. The latter, therefore, appears to be the most intractable form. In all France there are only 61 public and 42 private asylums, of which 9 are for men only, and 14 for women only, the remainder being for both sexes. No fewer than 31 departments have no establishment whatever for the care and treatment of the insane.

### THE CHAZIE APPLE.

The famous Chazie apples, which are the most admired and expensive of all Canadian varieties, and sometimes fetch as much as $25 a barrel in Covent Garden, London, were not, according to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, introduced from France into the colony, but were discovered by a lucky accident. Chazie, a Dutchman, was well advanced in years in 1854. He owned a farm a few miles distant from the Falls of Niagara, and on that farm he found growing wild a tree bearing the apple known as the Chazie—or "Swayzie," as some writers spell the name. Some one had flung away the core of an apple; one of the seeds had sprouted, and grown into a tree bearing an apple with the flavor of the muskmelon, double the size of the Lower Canada *pomme grise*, and of the same color and form.

### SINGING SANDS.

The superintendents of the various life-saving stations have been instructed to furnish, for scientific purposes, samples of the so-called "singing sand," wherever found. These sands get their name from the peculiar sound which they give forth when walked upon or disturbed in any way. This property is possessed only by dry sand found between the water line and extreme high-tide marks along the seacoast and the shores of the great lakes. Already twenty-six samples of this sort of sand have been received, indicating its existance in as many different localities in this country. Heretofore these strange singing beaches have only been known to exist in two places, one in this country and the other in Europe.

The gratification which wealth can bestow is not in mere possession, nor in lavishing it with prodigality, but in the wise application of it.

——Teachers' blank certificates for scholars, at the REPORTER office. tf

### WESTERN CATTLE DISEASED.

Chicago, March 19.—A special from Springfield, Illinois, says: D. E. Salmon, veterinarian of the state board of agriculture, telegraphs from Kensley, Kansas, as follows: "The foot and mouth disease at Neosho is not spreading. No contagious disease in the counties further west." Dr. Rauch, secretary of the state board of health, has reported from Xenia, Clay county, Illinois, that twenty head of cattle have recently died in Wayne county, adding that no doubt they died of foot and mouth disease. The state veterinarian has gone to investigate the matter.

☞Keep This in Mind.—In the Diamond Dyes more coloring is given than in any known dyes, and they give faster and more brilliant colors. 10c at all druggists. Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt. Sample card, 32 colors, and book of directions for 2c stamp.

### A PAYING INVESTMENT

At this season of the year when your cows fail in milk, your horses get rough in coat, your pigs refuse to thrive, and the hens don't lay as they should, you will find a package or two of McDonald's Celebrated Tonic and Blood Purifying Horse and Cattle Powder, judiciously administered, an investment that will pay big. This is positively the best horse and cattle powder made. J. D. Murray sells it. Dissatisfied buyers can have their money refunded. tf

Lace for curtains—Garmans.


## A HOME DRUGGIST TESTIFIES.

Popularity at home is not always the best test of merit, but we point proudly to the fact that no other medicine has won for itself such universal approbation in its own city, state, and country, and among all people, as

## Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

The following letter from one of our best-known Massachusetts Druggists should be of interest to every sufferer:—

**RHEUMATISM.** "Eight years ago I had an attack of Rheumatism, so severe that I could not move from the bed, or dress, without help. I tried several remedies without much if any relief, until I took AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, by the use of two bottles of which I was completely cured. Have sold large quantities of your SARSAPARILLA, and it still retains its wonderful popularity. The many notable cures it has effected in this vicinity convince me that it is the best blood medicine ever offered to the public. E. F. HARRIS."

River St., Buckland, Mass., May 13, 1882.

**SALT RHEUM.** GEORGE ANDREWS, overseer in the Lowell Carpet Corporation, was for over twenty years before his removal to Lowell afflicted with Salt Rheum in its worst form. Its ulcerations actually covered more than half the surface of his body and limbs. He was entirely cured by AYER'S SARSAPARILLA. See certificate in Ayer's Almanac for 1883.

PREPARED BY

**Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.**

Sold by all Druggists; $1, six bottles for $5.

## GAIN Health and Happiness.

How? DO AS OTHERS HAVE DONE.

**Are your Kidneys disordered?**
"Kidney Wort brought me from my grave, as it were, after I had been given up by 13 best doctors in Detroit." M. W. Deversaux, Mechanic, Ionia, Mich.

**Are your nerves weak?**
"Kidney Wort cured me from nervous weakness &c., after I was not expected to live."—Mrs. M. M. B. Goodwin, Ed. *Christian Monitor*, Cleveland, O.

**Have you Bright's Disease?**
"Kidney Wort cured me when my water was just like chalk and then like blood."
Frank Wilson, Peabody, Mass.

**Suffering from Diabetes?**
"Kidney-Wort is the most successful remedy I have ever used. Gives almost immediate relief."
Dr. Phillip C. Ballou, Monkton, Vt.

**Have you Liver Complaint?**
"Kidney-Wort cured me of chronic Liver Disease after I prayed to die."
Henry Ward, late Col. 6th Nat. Guard, N. Y.

**Is your Back lame and aching?**
"Kidney-Wort, (1 bottle) cured me when I was so lame I had to roll out of bed."
C. M. Tallmage, Milwaukee, Wis.

**Have you Kidney Disease?**
"Kidney-Wort made me sound in liver and kidneys after years of unsuccessful doctoring. Its worth $10 a box."—Sam'l Hodges, Williamstown, West Va.

**Are you Constipated?**
"Kidney-Wort causes easy evacuations and cured me after 15 years use of other medicines."
Nelson Fairchild, St. Albans, Vt.

**Have you Malaria?**
"Kidney-Wort has done better than any other remedy I have ever used in my practice."
Dr. R. K. Clark, South Hero, Vt.

**Are you Bilious?**
"Kidney-Wort has done me more good than any other remedy I have ever taken."
Mrs. J. T. Galloway, Elk Flat, Oregon.

**Are you tormented with Piles?**
"Kidney-Wort *permanently cured* me of bleeding piles. Dr. T. C. Kline recommended it to me."
Geo. B. Horst, Cashier M. Bank, Myerstown, Pa.

**Are you Rheumatism racked?**
"Kidney-Wort cured me, after I was given up to die by physicians and I had suffered thirty years."
Elbridge Malcolm, West Bath, Maine.

**Ladies, are you suffering?**
"Kidney-Wort cured me of peculiar troubles of several years standing. Many friends use and praise it." Mrs. H. Lamoreaux, Isle La Motte, Vt.

If you would Banish Disease and gain Health, Take

KIDNEY-WORT

THE BLOOD CLEANSER.


(*Continued from last week.*)

### How Watch Cases are Made.

This process of manufacture was invented by James Boss, who started in business in 1854, and the methods and tools used in making these watch cases are covered by patents. *This is the only watch case made under this process.* For many years the introduction of these goods was slow, owing to popular prejudice against "plated" goods, but gradually the public learned that the *James Boss' Gold Watch Case* was *not a cheap gold-washed* or *electro-plated* article, but was made of *genuine gold plates* of *standard quality* and *thickness*. Conscientious adherence to the determination to make the *best* watch case ever put on the market, and the adoption of every improvement suggested, has made the *James Boss' Gold Watch Case* the STANDARD. TRADE MARK In this watch case the parts most subject to wear—the *bow, crown, hinges, thumb-catches*, etc., are made of SOLID GOLD.

Send 2 cent stamp to Keystone Watch Case Factories, Philadelphia, Pa., for handsome Illustrated Pamphlet showing how James Boss' and Keystone Watch Cases are made.

(*To be continued.*)

——Last Thursday the first fresh shad of the season were sold by J. B. Solt.

In Blair county, before Judge Dean's court, the temperance men have succeeded in defeating the granting of a large number of licences.

### Mr. Gough on Silk Hats.

"It would be no violation of the commandment," said John B. Gough, "if a man were to fall down and worship the silk hat, for it is not made in the likeness of anything in heaven, or on earth, or in the waters which are under the earth." Besides it heats the head and causes the hair to fall off. Parker's Hair Balsam will stop that and restore the original color to gray or faded hair. Not oily, not a dye, beneficial, deliciously perfumed. A perfect hair dressing. 50c. All druggists. mar.

### POTTER TOWNSHIP AUDITORS' REPORT.—

Receipts and Expenditures for the Year ending March 10, 1884.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1883. SUPERVISOR, Peter Rearick | | DR. |
| March 12. To balance due Twp | | $220 23 |
| March 10, 1884. | | CR. |
| By cash | | 68 13 |
| Allowance for labor | | 9 60 |
| Percentage | | 2 95 |
| Balance | | 139 55 |
| | | $220 23 |
| To balance due Twp | | $139 55 |
| 1883. SUPERVISOR, John Emerick. | | DR. |
| March 12. To balance due Twp | | 294 01 |
| 1884, Mar. 10. To Am't of Dup | | 705 15 |
| | | $999 16 |
| 1884, March 10. | | CR. |
| By labor paid | $702 20 | |
| By 79 days service | 79 00 | |
| By exonerations | 79 | |
| By balance | 217 07— | 999 16 |
| To balance due Township | | 217 07 |
| 1883. SUPERVISOR, James Runkle. | | DR. |
| March 12. To balance due Twp. | 128 47 | |
| 1884, Mar. 10. To am't Dup | 659 36 | |
| To cash from Auditors | 34 03— | 821 86 |
| March 10 | | CR. |
| By labor paid | 652 28 | |
| By damages paid S. Miller | 40 00 | |
| By damages p'd W. Mulberger | 5 00 | |
| By timber for bridges | 6 00 | |
| By error in duplicate | 4 91 | |
| By 84½ days service | 84 50 | |
| By balance | 29 17— | 821 86 |
| To balance | | $ 29 17 |
| 1883. OVERSEER POOR, Jac. Meis. | | DR. |
| March 12. To balance due twp. | $ 96 21 | |
| 1884, Mar. 10. To am't Dup | 902 36— | 998 67 |
| 1884, March 10. | | CR. |
| By exonerations on Dup., 1882. | 1 75 | |
| By relief to Wm. Bethlehem | 180 01 | |
| " Fike Child | 122 60 | |
| " J. Nevil | 66 81 | |
| " Geo. McMinn | 28 61 | |
| " Mrs. Carlin | 1 50 | |
| " E. Pennington | 25 | |
| " Eliza Jordan | 124 15 | |
| By legal services paid | 1 00 | |
| By medical attendance | 65 00 | |
| By Making duplicate | 4 80 | |
| By error in Duplicate | 58 | |
| By 46 days service | 46 00 | |
| By percentage | 45 10 | |
| By balance | 310 50— | 998 67 |
| To balance | | $310 50 |
| 1883. OVERSEER POOR, Peter Hoffer. | | DR. |
| March 12. To balance due Twp. | $303 54 | |
| " Am't Duplicate | 918 47— | $1222 01 |
| March 10, 1884. | | CR. |
| By relief Mrs. Meis | 123 12 | |
| " Mrs. Treaher | 77 97 | |
| " Daniel Keen | 94 54 | |
| " Wm. Tobias | 84 29 | |
| " Bethlehem boy | 46 00 | |
| " Daniel Fauber | 102 00 | |
| " Geo. Shepperd | 85 41 | |
| " Mrs. Carlin | 138 47 | |
| " Fred Erhart | 50 00 | |
| By legal services | 10 00 | |
| By 40 days service | 40 00 | |
| By exonerations for 1882 | 40 | |
| By percentage | 45 92 | |
| By balance | 323 89— | $1222 01 |
| TREAS. OF AUDIT, W. W. Spangler. | | DR. |
| 1884, March 10. To cash | | $23 10 |
| March 10. | | DR. |
| By cash paid A. C. Ripka | 1 50 | |
| " W. B. Mingle | 1 50 | |
| " J. W. Runkle | 1 50 | |
| " W. W. Spangler | 1 50 | |
| By cash D. J. Meyer room rent | 2 00 | |
| " F. Kurtz printing | 15 00 | |
| " stationery | 10— | $23 10 |

We, the undersigned Auditors of Potter Twp., have examined the above accounts and find them correct.

W. B. MINGLE,
A. C. RIPKA, J. W. RUNKLE,
Town Clerk. W. W. SPANGLER,
Centre Hall, March 10, 1884.


## Consult Dr. BUTTS

(Dr. La Berge, SUCCESSOR TO)

In Diseases of the Blood, Skin and Bones.—Nervous Debility, Impotency, Organic Weakness, Gonorrhœa, Syphilis and Reversal Affections, Scientific treatment; safe and sure remedies. Deformities Treated. Call or write for list of questions to be answered by those desiring treatment by mail.

(Persons suffering from Rupture should send their address. Card hears something to their advantage. It is not a truss.)

Address Dr. C. L. LaBARGE, Pract'l and Physician in Charge Central Med. & Surg. Institute, 3720 Locust st., St. Louis, Mo. Successor to Dr. Butts' Dispensary. Established 30 Years.

## A. C. MINGLE,

## Boots and Shoes.

*—Largest Stock—Lowest Prices,—*

**All Goods Bought Direct From Manufacturers---**

*Reynold's Bros. Fine Shoes,*
*D Armstrongs Rochester Shoes,*
*Mens Fine Shoes*

WE GUARANTEE EVERYTHING WE RECOMMEND.

No 10 Brockerhoff Row.

*Bellefonte, Pa.*

## Great Reduction

AT SPRING MILLS,

.....in all kinds of.....
WINTER GOODS, &c, &c., &c.
such as
FLANNELS, OVERCOATS,
.....Clothing, Hats, Caps,.....
Boots, Shoes ——— All kinhs o
DRESS GOODS,
Notions, Hosiery, Gloves, etc., etc.
.....Also in Syrups, Sugars.....
Teas, Coffees, etc.,
GLASS, CHINA & QUEENS WARE.
Also dealer in
——Grain, Coal and Plaster.——
13feb4m J. D. LONG,
Successor to Pealer & Long.

**Good Pay for Agents.** $100 to $200 per mo. made selling our Grand New History, Famous and Decisive Battles of the World. Write to J. C. McCurdy & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

HARDWARE.
HARDWARE.
HARDWARE
——to/——
JAS. A. HARRIS, & CO.
JAS. A. HARRIS, & CO.
——ARE SELLING——
REAPER SECTIONS AND
REAPER SECTIONS AND
REAPERS,
REAPERS,
And all kinds of Farming Tools,
RAKES, FORKS,
SCYTHES,
ROPE BLOCKS,
SPROUTS HAY FORKS, &c.
——AS WELL AS ALL KINDS OF HARDWARE, TO MEET THE DEMANDS IN THIS LINE.
JAS. HARRIS & CO.

CENTRE COUNTY BANKING CO.
BELLEFONTE, PA.
(Late Milliken, Hoover & Co.)
Receive Deposits and
Allow Interest;
Discount Notes;
Buy and Sell Government Securities; Gold and Coupons.
JAS. A. BEAVER, Pres. J D. SHUGERT Cashier

PENN'S VALLEY BANKING CO.,
CENTRE HALL.
Receive Deposits and allow Interest; Discount Notes; Buy and Sell Government Securities; Gold and Coupons.
WM. WOLF, Pres. W. B. MINGLE Cashier.

YOU MAY NEED THIS
Address J. M. MURRAY,
*ELIZABETH, N.J.*
40 page catalogue free.
Maps & Charts.
Cheapest! Best!
Agents Wanted.
$1,000 EASILY MADE.

THE LIGHT-RUNNING
NEW HOME Sewing Machine

Simple Strong Swift & Sure

PERFECT IN EVERY PARTICULAR. NEVER OUT OF ORDER.
HAS NO EQUAL.
NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE CO
30 UNION SQUARE NE. YORK.
CHICAGO ILL. ORANGE MASS. ATLANTA GA.
FOR SALE BY
J. Q. A. Kennedy, Agent, Centre Hall, Pa.


### Cards—Attorneys.


J. H. ORVIS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
BELLEFONTE, PA.
Office opposite the Court House, on 2d floor of Furst's building. nov28

C. P. HEWES
Attorney-at-Law.
Practices in all the Courts. Office in the Furst building, Bellefonte. 2maytf

JOHN BLAIR LYNN,
Attorney-at-Law,
Office on Allegheny street, Bellefont. feb tf

D. F. FORTNEY,
Attorney-at-Law,
Office in old Conard building, Bellefonte

J. L. SPANGLER, Attorney-at-Law
Consultations in English and German. Office in Furst's new building

T. Alexander. C. M. Bower
ALEXANDER & BOWER,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
BELLEFONTE, PA.
Office in Garman's new building.

$66 a week at home. $5 outfit free. Pay absolutely sure. No risk. Capital not required. Reader, if you want business at which person, of either sex, young or old, can make great pay all the time they work, with absolute certainty, write for particulars to H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine. ly

CENTRE HALL HOUSE.
BELLEFONTE, PA.
EMANUEL BROWN, Proprietor.
The traveling community will find this hotel equal to any in the county in every respect, food and beast, and charges very moderate. Give it a trial.
2 june tf

CENTRE HALL HOTEL.
D. J. MEYER, Prop'r.
FOR SUMMER BOARDERS AND TRANSIENT CUSTOM.
Good Table, healthy locality, pure mountain water, surrounded by finest natural scenery in the state. Schools and churches convenient. Terms very reasonable. 16aug tf

IRVIN HOUSE,
LOCK HAVEN, PA.
S. WOODS CALDWELL, Proprietor.
Terms reasonable. Good sample rooms on first floor.

CARPETS! — CARPETS

Having made large contracts with leading manufacturers of

BODY BRUSSELS, TAPESTRY
INGRAINS, VENETINES

and all other grades of carpets, we are enabled to display a much larger and more complete stock than ever before. Great care has been taken in selecting the choicest and artistic designs. It has already become proverbial that if you want pretty as well as cheap CARPETS you must go to the BEE-HIVE, and now we are doubly prepared to maintain our reputation.

A General line of
HOUSE FURNISHING GOOD
is one of our SPECIALTIES.

MERCHANT TAILORING DEPARTMENT.
We are now receiving our Spring Stock of Woolens to which an early call of inspection is most respectfully solicited. There being always a lull between seasons, therefore in order to keep our tailors working we will allow a SPECIAL DISCOUNT on all orders given up to March 1st.

Store lighted by Electricity so that you can make selections by night as well as by day. Also Telephone Connections.

GOLDSMITH BROS,
BEE-HIVE ONE PRICED STORES
Bellefonte, Pa.

WM. A. SANDOE,
MERCHANT TAILOR, CENTRE HALL, PA.
Offers his services to the public. He is thoroughly experienced in his line of trade and guarantees satisfaction to all. Having had many years experience in cutting, he gives his customers only first class work. Parties needing new suits of any kind, can have them put up as cheap, if not cheaper, than elsewhere, and will be sure to be pleased. Has constantly on hand samples of all kinds of goods and can furnish a complete outfit. Repairing promptly and neatly done.

Steam
## Bending Shops.
AT FARMERS MILLS, PA.
All kinds of bending in wood done on short notice. Orders filled for rims of all sizes, and of best material; bob-sled runners, shafts, bent bounds, plow handles, phaeton and buggy reaches. Send for price list. Orders by mail promptly attended to. All work guaranteed.
11oct y J. B. REAM & SON.

### Dentists.

DR. G. W. HOSTERMAN,
Dentist, Centre Hall.
Office at residence on Church street, opposite Lutheran Church. Will give satisfaction in all branches of his profession. Ether administered. 14sdr

DR. S. G. GUTELIUS.—
Dentist, Millheim. Offers his professional services to the public. He is prepared to perform all operations in the dental profession. He is now fully prepared to extract teeth absolutely without pain. my 2 78

SPRING MILLS HOUSE,
On L. & T. R. R.
FINE SUMMER RESORT.
Fine Fishing and Hunting—Romantic Mountain and Valley Scenery. Healthy Locality.
TERMS REASONABLE.
J. H. BIBBY,.....Proprietor
SPRING MILLS, CENTRE COUNTY, PA. may1

### THE WORLD IS WISE.

Who will say the world is dying?
Who will say our prime is past?
Sparks from heaven within us lying
Flash, and will flash to the last.
Fools! who fancy Christ mistaken,
Man a tool to buy and sell,
Earth a failure, God-forsaken,
Ante room of hell.

Still the race of hero spirits
Pass the lamp from hand to hand;
Age from age the world inherits—
Wife and child and fatherland.
Still the youthful hunter gathers
Fiery joy from work and wood;
He will dare as dared his fathers,
Give him cause as good.

While a slave bewails his fetters
While an orphan pleads in vain;
While an infant lisps his letters,
Hers of all the ages' gain;
While a lip grows ripe for kissing,
While a moan from man is wrung,
Know, by every want and blessing
That the world is young.

### THE LAWYER'S SECRET.

It was in a luxuriously furnished room, where a glowing grate threw genial light and warmth upon the occupants, that Gerald Langton, lawyer and millionaire, listened with bated breath and pallid cheeks to a low and melodious voice that told a story of a life.

The speaker, a beautiful woman of about thirty, yet ten years younger than Mr. Langton, reclined in a low, cushioned chair, her attitude bespeaking the ease which wealth gives, but her face was full of the deepest anguish as her lips recounted the story.

"You love me," she said gently, yet sadly, "and I love you as I never loved any one before, although I am a widow. That you know, but did not know my husband's name. By my uncle's request I dropped it and took his with the property he left me. Do not look at me tenderly, Gerald, do not shake my voice or my heart, for when you know who I am you will not repeat the offer you made me, and which, heaven is my witness, I tried to avert."

"Let your conscience be at rest there," said her listener, in a grave yet tender voice; "you have never given me one hope, Maude. By what instinct I know that you loved me I can never tell, something in your eyes—some tone of your voice betrayed you. If, as you say, something in your past life does separate us, you have been no coquet to torment me with false hopes. But, Maude, tell me again, whatever stands between us, you love me?"

"I love you," she said gravely, "and it is because I love you that I will not let you link your honorable name with that of the wretch who was my husband. I was very young—not sixteen—when he came to make a visit to some friends living at Grassbank. Uncle Richard has a country seat near the village. I first met Alexander at a picnic, where he was the very life of the party, everybody's cavalier, courteous to all, full of wit and animation and service to all. I believe every girl on the grounds thought she had captivated him, his attentions were so well divided and so impressive to each one. He claimed to be no more than a salesman in a large wholesale house with a good salary, but he had the manners of a gentleman of good education, and the most perfect beauty of face and form that I ever saw in a man. It was not long before it was evident he wished to win my love, and he had an easy task. Such love as a child of sixteen can give I gave him. He was the impersonation of every hero of poetry and fiction with whom my limited reading had made me familiar. School-girl like, I had made an ideal hero, and fitted this, my first admirer, with all his imaginary perfections.

"From the first Uncle Richard disliked him, pronouncing him false and shallow, and assuring me that my personal attractions had not won his heart; but the fact of my being an heiress to a large property had gained me the protestations in which I so firmly believed.

"It is a painful story to me now, Gerald. Let it suffice that I had lived in a world of pleasant dreams while Alexander remained at Grassbank. When he left me he carried my promise to be his wife at Christmas.

"I think if my money had depended on Uncle Richard, my marriage might have been prevented by his threatening to disinherit me, but both from my father and mother I had inherited money that made me independent in a pecuniary sense of his control or consent.

"Most grudgingly, however, uncle did consent, after searching inquiry about Alexander, resulting in no worse report than that his employers thought him fast, idle, and just the man to be a fortune-hunter. Even then my dear uncle would have protected my fortune by settling it upon myself; but with the reckless generosity of extreme youth, I refused to have this done. Never, I was fully convinced, would my adored Alexander wrong me in any way.

"For a year after the splendid wedding which made me Alexander's wife, I was very happy. I was too ignorant of value to understand that we were living far beyond our income, enjoyed to the utmost the luxuries around me—the constant gaiety that was in such strong contrast to the school routine from which I had been released.

"Then began a life of neglect, often of quarreling, when I objected to my husband's course of conduct—his drinking, his extravagance, and his late hours. Still I found my own pleasures in society, and a renewal of some of my favorite studies, especially languages and music. I was fond, too fond, of water-color painting, and made presents to my friends of specimens of my skill in that line.

"It was four years after my marriage when I was thunderstruck by Alexander asking me to request a loan of money from Uncle Richard, with the information that every penny of my property was gone.

"Since then I have known that a large portion of it was lost at the gaming table.

"Long before this I had lost all love for my husband. Respect had died out when I knew the dissipated life he was leading, and foolish as I was I could not continue to love a man whose actions were so despicable. I refuted the errand, and brought down such a torrent of such great abuse that I really expected that Alexander would end by striking me.

"Day after day the request was renewed, but I would not yield. Upon my marriage, Uncle Richard had sold his city residence and took up a permanent abode at Grassbank, where, knowing my husband to be an unwelcome guest, I never visited him. I wrote occasionally, but the love of years, like that of father and child, had been so sadly strained by my persistence in marrying Alexander that even our correspondence was languid and commonplace.

"I would not, therefore, write to him to ask a favor that I knew would not have been necessary without criminal recklessness of expenditure, and each refusal made my husband more furious. Then came an overwhelming blow. Alexander forged a check, and drew £2,000 of Uncle Richard's money from the bank. I don't think my uncle would have prosecuted him had he guessed who was the forger; but he handed the whole thing over to the law as soon as it was discovered that the check was forged. It was then traced to Alexander, and at the same time it was found that he had robbed in the same way his former employers. He had given up all work for himself upon his marriage; but when he found himself without money, his knowledge of the business enabled him to forge the note of Derkiss & Co. Even if Uncle Richard had spared him for my sake this other forgery would have entitled him to penal servitude. He was sentenced to seven years, and uncle took me home, full of heavenly pity and forgiveness for the child who had treated him so ungratefully."

"Then your husband is in prison?" said Gerald, in a hard, strained voice.

"No, no, he is dead! He died within the first year. Uncle Richard saw the death in a paper and sent the money for his burial. No, I am free; but none the less I am the widow of a convicted felon."

"But none the less," quoted Gerald, "the woman I love and honor above all others, and hope still to make my wife."

It took, however, more than one interview, full of love's pleading, to win Maude from her resolution. She so honored her lover, and was so proud of his good name and the position he had attained by his talent, that her sensitive nature shrank from even the shadow of her misery upon his life.

But the victory was won at last, and the lawyer walked home one evening full of a proud, glad joy, for Maude had then promised to be his wife.

"If you are willing to take Alexander Hull's widow to be your wife," she said, "I will not oppose you any longer, for I love you with all my heart."

He had no thought but of that glad triumph when he turned up the gas in his office. He was in the habit of making a last visit there before going up to his bed-room, in case notes or messages were left for him. One lay there on this evening, a shabby looking envelope, but directed in a bold, handsome hand, which he recognized at once.

He tore it open. After a few words of introduction, the note ran:

"You did the best you could on my trial, but the facts were too strong for you. I die, as you know, at noon to-morrow. You, as my lawyer, can see me at any time. Will you come as soon as you receive this and win the gratitude of the man you know as

"JAMES FOX?"

"The man I know as James Fox," muttered the lawyer; "the smooth, plausible scoundrel who actually made me believe him innocent of the hideous murder for which he was convicted. I can find extenuation for some murders, but this cold-blooded assassination of an old man for money only was revolting. How he deceived me, though, for a time. And how he exulted over his success in doing so when he saw facts were too strong. Shall I go to him? I suppose I must. It is still very early."

It was not yet midnight when Gerald Langton was ushered into the cell of the man who, in a few short hours, was to meet the extreme penalty of the law for the worst of all crimes.

Yet there was nothing revolting in the appearance of the criminal. His dress was neat, his hair carefully arranged, his moustache faultless, his hands white and refined looking. He rose from his seat upon the bed as his lawyer entered the cell.

"I knew you would come," he said, courteously, "though you were offended at my want of frankness. Well, that is all over. You will not refuse the last request of a dying man, Mr. Langton?"

"Not if I can grant it," was the reply.

"This," said the murderer, "is not my first offence against the law. Some years ago I was sentenced to a term of years for forgery. By a strange accident I escaped the penalty. On the same day James Fox was sentenced to two years for petty larceny, and we were sent together to prison. James Fox—my companion, understand, not myself—was deranged, but his lawyers had not been able to save him, as his aberration was not always apparent. When we were entered upon the books of the prison, imagine my amazement when my fellow-prisoner gave my name for his own. Like a flash I saw the advantage to be gained by the deception, and allowed the error to pass. My companion committed suicide, and I escaped with two years' imprisonment instead of seven. But I feared recognition and went to Canada. There I lived by my wits until a year ago, when I returned to try to raise money from my wife, and thought I saw an easier plan by committing the crime for which I die to-morrow. But I want to see my wife. I wronged her—I robbed her—but heaven is my witness I love her. When I was in prison she dropped my name and took her own again. So it is not for Mrs. Alexander Hull you must ask, but for Miss Maude Temple."

Was the room reeling—the ceiling falling—the wall closing around him? Gerald Langton felt as if they were as the name fell upon his ears. Maude—his Maude—the wife of this cool villain who talked of his hideous crimes as if they were ordinary events? Well, he knew that to carry this man's message was to separate himself from Maude forever. Never would she let him marry the widow of a murderer. Very rapidly all the terrible facts passed, one after the other, and he said:

"If you love her why add misery to her life? She may live down the old pain you caused her. Why, for a selfish gratification, will you make her whole life a misery?"

"She was my wife. I would bid her farewell."

"She is not your wife. Your own crimes have released her from any allegiance to you."

"You know her?"

"Yes. I know what she has suffered and beg of you to let her still believe you died years ago."

"She is happy?"

"Scarcely tht. Such wounds as hers never heal entirely, but it is cruelty to tear them open when they are quiet."

"Has she married?"

"No. She is still your widow."

"It is hard to deny myself one more sight of her face, and the hope I had that she would say she forgave me."

"Think of her, not yourself."

There was a long silence in the cell. Every throb of Gerald Langton's heart was pain to him, but Alexander Hull sat in moody silence, evidently reluctant to give up his wish.

At last he spoke.

"You have been very good to me. Tell me, now, if you have any personal reason for your request. Perhaps you love her?"

"I do," was the brief reply. "She has promised to be my wife."

"Then it will be James Fox who is hanged to-morrow. I meant to give my real name, but I will carry my secret to my grave. It may be in another world that the little last self-denial will be a plea for me."

He kept his word, and Gerald Langton his secret.

When Maude, a few weeks later, became his wife, she little guessed the terrible ordeal which he had spared her, or the added disgrace that belonged to the name she had given him.

### Defences of Lower Animals.

Some of the higher animals illustrate the manner in which nature contrives to furnish special measures of precaution for its little-gifted, unalert, unarmed and helpless creatures. The absence of teeth in the edentates is offset by shields or scale-armor; helpless beetles are furnished with hard wing cases; the pheasants, quails and larks of the fields are hidden from the keen vision of birds of prey by their earthy color, birds of the river and seashore by their resemblance in color to the sand and shingle.

Protection is required by the lower animals chiefly against the weather and against parasites and other external enemies. Frequently the place of their abode is their only and ordinarily a sufficient protection, as is the case with earth worms and burrowing larvæ, wood worms and fruit-borers. But such animals appear to be afflicted with particular enemies peculiarly fitted to hunt them out in their otherwise secure fortresses—in the shape of moles, mole-crickets, long-nosed hedgehogs, shrew-mice, and swine, hook-billed lapwings, and sharp-tongued woodpeckers. Frequently, also, each animal is defended by some special relation to its species. Insects, while in their comparatively brief state of maturity are secured by their powers of flight, have to be guarded, in their three previous conditions of egg, larvæ and pupa, against hosts of enemies to which they would otherwise be an easy prey and a palatable food. In the condition of the apparently lifeless and really helpless egg, they are covered by their obscurity and littleness, or by being deposited in holes and cracks, or covered with slime or hairy or silken veils and cocoons, under which they escape all but the sharpest search and rare accidents.

### Barnum's Woolly Horse.

"That is the same old woolly horse that Barnum had a great many years ago," said Mr. Bennett, of the Chicago museum, as a shaggy quadruped, with only enough features visible to define his species, walked back and forth before him in a west side stable. "Barnum, you know, said that horse was captured in the Rocky mountains by General Fremont. The horse proved a great card, but, as he advertised in a way that was distasteful to the general, Mr. Barnum was compelled to get rid of the animal. The general's father-in-law defeated Barnum in the courts, and the great showman dropped the horse down in Indiana. The man to whom he was sold allowed the report to get out that the brute was dead, and Barnum never tried to get him back."

"Rather an old boy, according to your story," the reporter suggested.

"Yes; he was born in 1841—and not in the Rocky mountains, but at South Port, Connecticut. He was sold in Indiana to Able Deming, a farmer, near Goshen. When Mr. Deming died the horse was given to his son-in-law, Mr. Wiley, by whose estate he was sold to Peter Simon, who brought him here."

The horse is of medium size, but his great coat of shaggy hair makes him look large and powerful. He is a chestnut sorrel. The hair varies in length from four to eight inches, and is as kinky as a negro's. He retired from the stage in 1852, but will resume his professional life at the Chicago museum.

A PERSONAL item states that "Queen Victoria is passionately fond of baked apples." Now, if it had said "baked beans" Boston would have put on more airs than a brass band and declined to associate with an outside American any lower in the social scale than champion slugger.

### A Virginia Horror.

On a pretty little farm near Rectortowh, Fauquier county, Virginia, there has resided for some years past one John Glasscock, aged thirty, the son of Thomas Glasscock, one of the wealthiest graziers in that section of Virginia. John, about seven years ago, married a lovely woman, who has borne to him three children. He has always been considered rather weak mentally, and for a year or two past has indulged in drink, in consequence of the reputation his wife obtained for fondness of attention from gentlemen and gay assemblies. The want of harmony in Glasscock's household arising from this had been noticed, but no one dreamed that the difficulty would end in a fearful tragedy.

Recently a colored man met John Glasscock going towards a piece of woods a short distance from the farm. Glasscock requested him to go to the house and see what he had done. The colored man did as directed and found the house on fire. This he quickly extinguished, and then discovered Mrs. Glasscock and her three children, aged respectively one, four, and seven years, lying dead on the parlor floor, each shot through the head with pistol balls.

The neighbors seeing the smoke hurried towards the farm house, by some of whom John Glasscock was noticed on the edge of the woods intently watching the house. On being approached he shot himself through the head, dying in a short time. Those nearest hurried to the scene of the suicide, and, conveying him to the house, the five bodies were all laid together in the parlor on the floor, making a ghastly spectacle. The innocent victims of this terrible tragedy must have died instantly. On the little baby's face was a sweet smile. It was found in the arms of its mother, but whether she had it in her embrace when killed, or whether she clasped it to her bosom after being shot will never be known.

The most intense excitement exists throughout the neighborhood, and people have since Sunday morning been flocking to Glasscock's house from every direction. His venerable father is bowed down with grief. He had only two children, another son being absent in Florida, in the last stages of consumption. It is reported that, owing to the dissipated habits of John Glasscock, the father made a great difference in the treatment of the two sons, allowing Bedford great privileges, with his abundant wealth, and restricting John to short rations; compelling him to practise the strictest economy. It is also said that he had made his will, providing that the portion of his estate left to John should be kept in the hands of the trustees. This condition is said to have worked upon John's mind and led him still deeper into dissipation.

Mrs. Glasscock was a Miss Frazier, of Louisiana county, of a most respectable family, and the neighbors say that Glasscock has been filled with jealousy for a long time; but they also assert, upon the most positive terms that her conduct as a wife will bear the closest scrutiny. She was always fond of society and ambitious to make a display; and her husband, soured by the lack of confidence from his father, became morose and suspicious. The scene of the tragedy is within three miles of the place where, one week before, the remains of Dr. Ambler, of the Jeannette expedition, were laid to rest.

### Aylesford in Exile.

A correspondent from Big Springs, Texas, says people who read the foreign despatches and keep posted about what is going on across the sea have doubtless not forgotten the Aylesford scandal, which raised such a commotion in England not long ago, and will be interested to know that the notorious Earl is just now trying to hide himself in Texas. I do not mean that he is a fugitive from justice, or anything of that sort, but after a career that was brief, brilliant, and disastrous, he is now seeking the seclusion that a ranch in Texas grants. The Earl has been here since last August, and the people have become quite well acquainted with him. The Earl of Aylesford is an old title, and has been worn by many able and famous men. It was first bestowed upon Heneage Finch, one of the greatest jurists England has ever known, and his descendants until the present generation have all been distinguished for their learning and eloquence. It was supposed that the present Earl would follow in the footsteps of his illustrious progenitors, and he took high honors at Cambridge, but people say he came into his property too soon, for it is not well for a young man to have an income of a couple of million dollars until he has earned it. He was born in 1849, and came to his title and estates, which are among the largest and most productive in Great Britain, before he was of age. At twenty-two he married Edith, the daughter of Colonel Peers Williams, M. P., of Temple Court, Berks, England, and had by her two daughters, Hilda Gwendolen and Alexandra Minna, to whom the Princess of Wales stood as godmother. The marriage was considered an advantageous one on both sides, for the groom had rank and wealth, was recognized as a future leader in society and politics, and the bride was one of the loveliest women in Europe, famous at four courts for her beauty and attractions.

The Prince of Wales has been charged with the responsibility of ruining Aylesford, and may have had much to do with it, for he took the young Earl into his most intimate companionship and made him a chum and a comrade in the wild orgies that made the people of England so distrustful of their future monarch. He was the constant companion of the Prince, and the adventures of the two men in London and on the continent would be quite as wicked reading as the memoirs of George IV.

When his Royal Highness made his well-remembered journey to India he took Aylesford with him, and together they did the Orient in gorgeous style, and very often now the Earl tells the cowboys, as they sit around the camp-fire at night, the incidents of the tiger-hunt and other enjoyments of the royal tour.

The Prince ceased to sow wild oats, and settled down to comparative docility, but the Earl kept up the spree, until about a year ago he found himself $10,000,000 in debt, and defendant in a very disreputable divorce case. His lovely wife had the sympathy of everybody, and his creditors were protected by the Courts. The estate, which was entailed, was placed in the hands of a conservator for the benefit of his creditors, and the Earl was given an allowance of $50,000 a year, with which he came to America last summer for rest and much needed recuperation.

At New York he made the acquaintance of Mr. Gould, who at the Earl's request, sent Dr. Ennis, the Land Commissioner of the Missouri Pacific Railroad, all over the West with him, looking for a ranch. His Lordship found at Big Springs just what he was hunting for, and selected a tract of land twelve miles north of the village, where he commenced the erection of a ranch-house last August. The house is a plain, unpainted board structure, a story and a half high, merely comfortable, without any signs of luxury, convenience, or decoration. It only differs from the ordinary ranch headquarters by being plastered, and having the walls hung with a pretty patterned paper of chocolate and gilt.

The location is a fine one, but there are many just as good and still unoccupied north, south, and west of this point. The Earl bought 37,000 acres of land, on credit, but so far has no cattle.

When he arrived here in August last he deposited $30,000 in cash at the Big Springs Bank, but is this very nearly exhausted. On the 2d of January last he deposited for collection a draft for $50,000 on his solicitors in London, which is supposed to be his pocket money for this year.

The Earl had not been here long before two brothers arrived, Clement and Daniel, the former about twenty-seven and the latter about twenty-one. They brought with them five servants, thirteen dogs, a coach and dog-cart, and twenty or thirty horses, besides a lot of miscellaneous baggage for his Lordship's modest castle. Clement very soon returned to England, but Daniel remained in the ranch and is still there.

The most imposing and important feature of the residence is the hall-way which runs through the centre of the house, and is entered from each of the eight or nine rooms. It is a formidable arsenal, and contains one of the most valuable private collections of guns and paraphernalia in the United States. The walls are covered with rifles, shot-guns, revolvers, deringers, cartridge-belts, spurs, game-bags, and other articles of the same sort in bewildering numbers, and it requires the entire attention of one man to keep them in order.

Opening off the hall are the living-rooms, plainly but comfortably furnished. The dining-room and table service is quite frugal, there being no plate or china, but ordinary plated spoons, steel knives, and ironware crockery.

In the kitchen there was a foreign-looking individual surrounded by curious and uncommon-looking brass kettles and pots. He shoots a great deal of venison and a good many birds, but the etceteras are all imported.

The most conspicuous thing about the premises was a pile of empty bottles as big as a haystack in the rear of his house, which were inspected as carefully as possible with a view of determining his Lordship's tastes. There were quite a number of ginger-ale bottles, and many that had once held apollinaris, but champagne labels were scarce, and if he used other wines, he must have got them by the cask. The consumption of beer had been very large, but three fourths of the pile were empty whisky bottles, and we came to the conclusion that the Earl generally preferred to take it straight, and that is his reputation in the community. He was ill the day we visited the ranch, so we did not see him, but his brother Dan did the honors of the establishment very gracefully, and his hospitality was genuine, for although the Earl is not fond of having strangers visit the place, and prefers to remain unknown and in retirement, his younger brother pines for more society, and welcomes the few guests that wander that way with great cordiality and good cheer. We learned in town that his Lordship was subject to frequent attacks of illness which laid him up for a day or two, and they were not brought on by the excessive use of water either.

### A Ghost Story.

For a number of years the fine old mansion on Prince avenue, Athens, Ga., the property of Dr. Speer, and now occupied by Mrs. Davis as a college boarding-house, has borne the reputation of being haunted. It is said that one gentleman purchased this property and moved his family in, but the next day he vacated the premises in a snow-storm, but refused to give any reason therefor. A number of families, who scouted the idea of the supernatural, have rented the house, but soon left. There is a large octagon room therein which is said to be the special rendezvous for departed spirits, and they hold nightly carnival in its spacious walls. All kinds of miraculous stories are told of a visit, in the dead hours of night, by a figure clothed in white and surrounded by pale lights, that vanished into mist when approached. A young lady slept in this room one night, but at 12 o'clock the household was aroused with the most piercing shrieks. Her room was invaded, and the fair occupant found in a swoon upon the floor. She said that the wealth of the world would not induce her to spend another night in that house. But of late years the ghost seemed to have been "layed," for nothing was heard of it. On Sunday night last several students were rooming in the haunted chamber, and as the clock struck 12 the door was seen to noiselessly open and a white-robed figure, surrounded by death lights, walked into the chamber and glided toward the bed of two of the occupants. The boys did not stop to investigate the matter, but made a bolt for the nearest exit, leaving the unearthly visitor in quiet possession. The house was at once alarmed, but upon again repairing to the room nothing was seen. All the boys agree in their description of the ghost, and are now prepared with pistols in case it repeats the visit. We doubt not but this spirit is enrolled among the attendants on the State University.

*It* is understood that a scientific expedition, sanctioned by the English Geographical Society, and under the command of Mr. Wilfrid Powell, is about to leave this country for the purpose of exploring New Guinea. The funds will be provided from private sources; but Lord Derby will be asked to lend his countenance to the enterprise.

### "Trying" Sewing Machines.

"Taking sewing machines on trial has become a mania among the ladies," said the proprietor of an agency to a reporter who had called to make some inquiries concerning the business. "You know any one is considered pretty smart who can outdo a sewing-machine canvasser, and any means to that end are looked upon as justifiable, even by people who are perfectly honest and upright in every other way.

"But what has unscrupulous dealing with agents to do with your first statement regarding the taking of machines on trial?" was asked.

"Everything. You see, of late years this system of leaving machines at all the places where they are suspected of being required and afterward bought has become so general that they are sold, I might say, in no other way; at least it is extremely rare for a customer to enter a store and buy a machine outright before having tested it at home. What has led to this practice—a pernicious one, I must say—has been the anxiety of new makers to rush their manufactures upon the market, and, of course, as the system became general among the more recently established firms and agencies, the old sewing machine men had to follow or lose a great amount of trade. It has been attempted frequently within the past year to introduce some new method of selling sewing-machines, but the ladies will not hear of any other plan than that which now rules and which can only be changed by the united action of agents and dealers, which is an impossibility among the jealous rivals they have made of each other through malicious misrepresentations of competitors' machines in the attempt to put their own as far forward as possible."

"How does this trial system interfere with the workings of a good sewing-machine business?"

"I'll tell you. There are a great number of women who take machines on trial, never intending to buy them. We allow a lady to use a machine two weeks, and then call on her, and if she makes an excuse for not purchasing, we must cart our machine back to the store. In the meantime, perhaps, this same person has made an arrangement with another agent to try one of a different manufacture, with no more intention of making a bargain than in the first instance. At the end of two weeks that machine goes, another takes its place, and so on for several months. Why, I have known private seamstresses to do a whole year's sewing on different machines without paying one cent toward their purchase or ever having the slightest intention of doing so. A good machine costs about $60 and they run as high as $90—quite an outlay of money to some persons of moderate means, you see; but this expense is escaped by many economical people in this city in the way I have mentioned."

"Persons of the poorer class?" suggested the reporter.

"That's where you make a big mistake, sir. This scheme is resorted to by ladies of considerable means, among them wealthy people. As I said before, they think it all right to make such arrangements with canvassers and cannot be made to see the wrong that is done. Machines are often marred and broken, and we can do nothing in the way of payment for our trouble in varnishing and repairing them."

"But is it not considerable trouble to ladies, this changing of sewing machines?"

"No trouble at all, and no expense, as we handle them all and life them from place to place at the will of the person who takes them to try."

"And all dealers nowadays allow machines to go out on trial?"

"Yes; as I said before, they are forced to do it or suspend business operations, as no success will attend an enterprise of this kind where the trial system is not permitted. A number of manufacturers have made machines for the express purpose of sending them out to be tested by people who talk about buying them, and this, in its way, is not a bad idea, for the same machinery can be made up in an unfinished shape and the wooden portion may be of cheap material. Then, if the machine-tryer really intends buying, an article of the same pattern and finished in good shape may be sold. But I am against this whole system of letting out machines on trial. If people want to test the quality of sewing machines let them come to the store and try them there. The trial plan is a nuisance."

### A Zephyr Lifts a Train.

Recently a distressing and peculiar accident occurred a short distance this side of Georgetown, on the Colorado Central. The train had left for Denver and had on board about thirty passengers. The place where the accident occurred is on a curve near the point of a mountain, and where, when the wind blows, it comes down the gully for all it is worth. There is an immense amount of sand in that vicinity, and when the wind blows ferociously it requires a large force of men to keep the track cleared so that trains may pass, as it drifts like snow and is much more formidable.

The wind blew with unusual force. Just as the train struck that portion of the road but a short distance from the suburbs of Georgetown the fireman looked back and saw the rear end of the rear coach raised bodily from the track. He yelled to the engineer and they both jumped from the engine. Just then the wind roared past and the whole train was lifted bodily and turned completely over, landing about ten feet from the track and without disturbing a rail or tie. Then there was great confusion. The howling, roaring wind and the yells and screams of the men and women who had been so suddenly and unceremoniously upset made a scene of unparalleled confusion. Seven of the passengers were injured. About three years ago a similar accident occurred at the same place, but no one was injured. The passengers of the belated train arrived in Denver about ten hours late.

*Italy* makes more use of the telephone, in proportion to the population, than any other country in the world.

WHAT CAN BE DONE BY HIGH CULTURE.—A remarkable illustration of what may be done with ten acres of land only has been furnished by a fruit planter named Dillon, of Woodland, California. Six years ago he planted five acres with Muscatel grapes, since which he has added two more acres. He has also planted one acre with prunes, nectarines, and peaches. From the five acres first mentioned his gross returns last year were $1,200. Last year he planted three-fourths of an acre of beets which yielded thirty-five tons. By the aid of these, and a little bran or shorts, he kept a span of horses and two cows seven months, besides which he sold $30 worth of beets. One of the cows yields from ten to eleven pounds of butter per week besides the milk which the planter's small family uses. By the side of his fencing, Dillon further planted twenty walnut trees, which have borne fruit for two years. From the wood cut from these trees last year in the trimmings he made a little over 3 cords of stove-wood. Gum trees planted six years ago, and some of them twelve inches in diameter, will make when cut into wood from one-fourth to one-half a cord of wood per tree. In the condition in which he now has his fruits and vines, this enterprising grower on a small scale states that he can make a living for himself and family, and day by from $800 to $1,000 annually. His family consists of himself, wife, and one child.

A RAT-PROOF CRIB.—There are several methods of making rat-proof cribs, which we have at different times given to our readers; but we notice a new contrivance submitted by a correspondent of the "Prairie Farmer," which, though somewhat more expensive, will doubtless resist the inroads of both rats and mice. The plan of construction will be best to give it in the correspondent's own words: "It is always better to set a crib about two feet off the ground, on posts or stones, as may be desired, so that the air can pass freely under it. Lay the floor of hemlock or poplar or yellow pine, the blanks four or five, or even six inches wide, and let them be laid at least one inch apart, so that the air can pass up through the corn. Cover the floor with woven wire, with meshes that the mice can't pass through. Poplar will be good enough for the slats (pine rots too quickly).—Put them on, say, one inch apart; then nail on the inside of the studding woven wire, sufficiently strong to resist the pressure of the corn, and with meshes of a size that a mouse can't pass through. Then nail woven wire to the cross pieces overhead. This wire cloth need not be made of heavy wire; neither should that which is laid on the floor. This kind of a crib will be rat and mouse proof, and let in more air than anything I yet know of."

We think that farmers generally will unite in approving of the utility of this crib; and also in the fact that if the first cost will be more than the ordinary cribs, some of which are not a complete protection against these destructive pests, it will be cheapest in the end.

EVERY calving cow or other female animal should have a clean, dry, quiet box-stall, or other suitable place, which is warm, well littered and comfortable. The diet must be digestible, nutritious, and not too liberally supplied, except in debility after delivery, and then it should be given four times a day in divided quantities. The animal and stall should be kept clean and sweet. A cow should be groomed as well and as thoroughly as a horse. A stiff bristle-mitten is a most admirable stable appliance. A well-cared-for animal never needs the use of a barbarous iron curry comb. Pure water is indispensable.

WE recently asked a dealer in butter, thoroughly acquainted with the dairy products of the farms near by Philadelphia, what system was pursued by the dairymen in the production of so much fine butter. He answered that he had visited many of these dairy farms for that very purpose, finding a somewhat different system at almost every dairy, about the only point upon which they all agreed being the extensive pasturing of sweet-scented vernal grass. Good feed must ever be the basis of good butter.

A CAREFUL cultivator of flowers writes that she has learned how to get rid of the little flies that give so much trouble about plants in the winter. Since she has begun using separate saucers, with her pots, and taken to watering her plants from the bottom by filling the saucer with boiling water, she is not troubled with the flies, and she thinks the plants do much better watered in this way than by pouring the water on the top.

A GENTLEMAN who has resided in Dakota, where the thermometer goes 29 degrees below zero in winter, and last year sunk to 38 degrees below, informs us that he raises annually good crops of peaches. The trees are planted in a line at the foot of a steep-sloping bank, and inclined toward it. On the approach of winter a slight bending brings them into contact with the ground, to which they are held by a weight, or by a forked stake driven into the ground. They then receive a thick covering of hay, straw or cornstalks, which enables them to obtain warmth from the ground. In the spring the covering is removed, and a few short stakes serve as props to raise the tree and its principal branches to its original position.

AN exchange suggests, if farmers would go to their barns on a wet day and spend their time in making an eaves-trough for the barn or stable, and thereby carry the drip which would otherwise fall on the manure pile, causing a waste of the elements of plant food contained therein, they will make more money that day than they will any fine day in the field.

One never knows a man till he has refused him something, and studied the effects of the refusal. One never knows himself until he has denied himself.


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No matter what your feelings or symptoms are, or what the disease or ailment is, use Hop Bitters. Don't wait until you are sick, but if you only feel bad or miserable use the bitters at once. It may save your life. Hundreds have been saved by so doing, at a moderate cost. Ask your druggist, or physician. Do not suffer yourself or let your friends suffer, but use and urge them to use Hop Bitters.

If you have lameness in the loins, with frequent pains and aches; numbness of the thigh; scanty, painful and frequent discharge of urine, filled with pus, and which will turn red by standing; a voracious appetite and unquenchable thirst; harsh and dry skin; clammy tongue, often darkly furred; swollen and inflamed gums; dropsical swelling of the limbs; frequent attacks of hiccough; inability to void the urine, and great fatigue in attempting it—you are suffering from some form of Kidney or Urinary Complaint, such as BRIGHT'S DISEASE of the kidneys, stone or inflammation of the bladder, gravel and renal calculi, diabetes, stranguary stricture and retention of the urine, and Hop Bitters is the only remedy that will permanently cure you.

Remember, Hop Bitters is no vile, drugged, drunken nostrum, but the purest and best medicine ever made, and no person or family should be without it.

Don't risk any of the highly lauded stuff with testimonials of great cures, but ask your neighbor, druggist, pastor or physicians what Hop Bitters has and can do for you and test it.



**XX.-NOTICE.-XX.**

As BLUE FLANNEL Garments

**Of Inferior Quality of Goods**

are sold as the "genuine Middlesex," which are not made by that mill, The Middlesex Company, in order to protect their customers and the public, give notice that hereafter all Clothing made from THE MIDDLESEX STANDARD INDIGO BLUE FLANNELS AND YACHT CLOTHS, sold by all leading clothiers, must bear the "SILK HANGERS," furnished by the Selling Agents to all parties ordering the goods.

**WENDELL, FAY & CO.,**

SELLING AGENTS, MIDDLESEX COMPANY, 86 and 88 Worth St., New York; 37 Franklin St., Boston; 214 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.



**A BLESSING TO WOMEN!** Send stamp for sealed information to D., Box 164, Buffalo, N. Y.



Phœnix Pectoral will cure your cough. Price 25 cts



**FITS** STOPPED FREE

*Marvelous success.*

Insane Persons Restored by Dr. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER

*for all* BRAIN & NERVE DISEASES. *Only sure cure for Nervous Affections, Fits, Epilepsy, etc.* INFALLIBLE if taken as directed. *No Fits after first day's use.* Treatise and $2 trial bottle free to Fit patients, they paying express charges on box when received. Send names, P. O. and express address of afflicted to DR. KLINE, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. See Druggists. *BEWARE OF IMITATING FRAUDS.*



**TO SPECULATORS.**

R. LINDBLOM & CO. 5 & 7 Chamber of Commerce, Chicago.

S. G. MILLER & CO. 35 Broadway, New York.

**GRAIN AND PROVISION BROKERS.**

Members of all prominent Produce Exchanges in New York, Chicago, St. Louis and Milwaukee.

We have exclusive private telegraph wire between Chicago and New York. Will execute orders on our judgment when requested. Send for circulars containing particulars. ROBT. LINDBLOM & CO., Chicago.



**100** POPULAR SONGS sent for only 10c. Cut this out. J. H. PARKER & CO., Clinton, Connecticut.



**Consumption Can Be Cured!**

DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS.

Cures Consumption, Colds, Pneumonia, Influenza, Bronchial Difficulties, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Asthma, Croup, Whooping Cough, and all Diseases of the Breathing Organs. It soothes and heals the Membrane of the Lungs, inflamed and poisoned by the disease, and prevents the night sweats and tightness across the chest which accompany it. Consumption is not an incurable malady. HALL'S BALSAM will cure you, even though professional aid fails.



40 samples large pretty chromo reward, excelsior, merit credit, diploma, birthday, friendship gift cards, school aids, &c., 15c. Price list free. Fine Art Co., Warren, Pa.



**WANTED**—LADIES TO TAKE OUR NEW Fancy work at their homes, in city or country, and earn $6 to $12 per week, making goods for our Spring and Summer Trade. Send 15c. for samples and particulars. HUDSON MFG. CO., 365 Sixth Ave., N. Y.



**$65** A MONTH & board for 3 live young Men or Ladies in each county. Address P. W. ZIEGLER & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.



KIDDER'S PASTILLES cure relief ASTHMA. Sent by mail, Stowell & Co. Charlestown, Mass.


**Hotel Items.**

Some ten years ago while at the Reed House Erie, Pa., I was taken sick with the spotted fever and was very low; my back and spine seemed to be affected, with terrible pains in kidneys and back. For fourteen days I laid and could hardly stir, and suffered the most intense agony imaginable. My feet and limbs were bloated; my water was very unnatural a deep, red color and brick-dust deposit, and I was fast losing strength and vitality. The doctors treated me, but with no benefit, and I used many different medicines that had been recommended. None of them did me any good until I used Hunt's Remedy, as my attention was called to the case of Hon. Joshua Tuthill, of East Saginaw, Mich., a similar case to mine, he being cured of a severe case of Bright's disease. I purchased a bottle, and used it according to directions. I began to gain in strength; my water became more natural; the terrible pains in the back and loins were removed; the swelling of my limbs went down. I continued the use of the medicine until I had used in all five (5) bottles, and it has built me up and completely cured me, and I am as sound and healthy as any man of forty-eight years of age, and can attend to my business every day. I have recommended Hunt's Remedy to many of my friends here in Buffalo, and it has proved, as in my case, a success with them all. Gratefully yours,

CHARLES L. WEBB,
Tift House, Buffalo, N. Y., June 19, 1883.

YOUNG Spoonbill—"Ah, my dearest Miss Shillinworth, if I may—I have long wished for this sweet opportunity; but I hardly dare trust myself now to speak the deep emotion——. But, 'n short, I love you! and—your smile would shed—would shed—would—" Miss S.—"Oh, never mind the woodshed! How's your aunt's money invested? And where are the securities deposited?"

**Instantly Relieved.**

Mrs. Ann Lacour, of New Orleans, La., writes: "I have a son who has been sick for two years; he has been attended by our leading physicians, but all to no purpose. This morning he had his usual spell of coughing, and was so greatly prostrated in consequence, that death seemed imminent. We had in the house a bottle of Dr. Wm. Hall's Balsam for the Lungs, purchased by my husband, who noticed your advertisement yesterday. We administered it, and he was instantly relieved."

"I HAVE a cold, too," replied the auburn crimsonpeak, "but it is in my head. Whenever I get a cold it always seems to affect my head." "Yes, that's just what the doctor told me," rejoined the philanthropist, catching up his scuttle and starting for the house. "Whenever a person catches cold it is sure to affect the weakest spot."

**The Multiplication of Diseases.**

Diseases multiply. One begets another. A trifling indisposition, may, therefore, originate a complication of dangerous maladies. Indigestion begets far more formidable diseases; a multitude of ailments are traceable to constipation; fever and ague unhinges the entire nervous system, and is therefore the source of the protean ailments which affect that portion of the human organism. Hostetter's Stomach bitters, however, whether resorted to at the inception of those disorders of the stomach, bowels or liver, which give birth to the majority of diseases and disabilities, or taken when they have ripened into formidable maturity, are alike powerful to cure. The process of recovery is, of course, longer when the malady has gained headway, but it is none the less certain. Dyspepsia, constipation, biliousness, kidney complaints and intermittent fever, invariably yield to the operation of the great alterative and invigorant.

MADAME, who is of great embonpoint, asks her husband in what character she shall attend the masquerade. "As a captive balloon," he said. "How must I dress for that character?" "Simply by tying a string to your foot!" answered the brute.

I feel very grateful for the wonderful cures that have been performed with Ely's Cream Balm. I have had Catarrh in its worst form for the past 25 years and have tried everything I could hear of. I commenced using the Cream Balm and I consider it the best thing I ever tried. I recommend it to every one afflicted.—J. B. Kelsey, 32 Broad Street, New York City.

*To* kill the lime on walls that are to be papered a coating of glue size must be given. To make this break up a pound of glue; put it in two gallons of cold water for twenty-four hours until it is melted, put it on hot and give two coats. Then put on the paper in the usual way with rye flour paste.

**Carbo-lines**

Strike the bosom of old mother earth,
And from her veins unseen
There flows an oil of untold worth
When made into Carboline.

*The* first crystals of melted cast-iron that is chilled are pure iron. Successive crystallizations, says Dr. Wedding of Berlin, may produce fine metal from poor pig iron.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES will relieve Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh, Consumptive and Throat Diseases. *They are used always with good success.*

*From* investigation Mr. F. Bailey thinks it is apparent that potassium alum has replaced ammonium alum in the preparation found in commerce.

**Get It Sure.**

Wells' "Rough on Rats" Almanac at druggists, or mail for 2c. stamp. E. S. Wells, Jersey City.

THE young lady who proposes in leap year runs a chance of giving herself away.

FOR DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, depression of spirits and general debility, in their various forms; also as a preventive against fever and ague and other intermittent fevers, the "Ferro-Phosphorated-Elixir of Calisaya" made by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York, and sold by all Druggists, is the best tonic; and for patients recovering from fever or other sickness, it has no equal.

IT is one of the inconsistencies of life that we throw bouquets at the soprano and bootjacks at the tom cat.

Camphor Milk cures aches and pains. Price, 25 cents

Don't let your physician flatter you on Heart Disease. Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator always cures.

—Every member of the present Utah legislature is a Mormon.

Public speakers and singers use Piso's Cure for hoarseness and weak lungs.

It has been shrewdly said that when men abuse us, we should suspect ourselves, and when they praise us, them.

**A Dead Shot**

may be taken at liver and bilious disorders with Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets." Mild yet certain in operation; and there is none of the reaction consequent upon taking severe and drastic cathartics. By druggists.

ALSO, letters may be made of brown paper, rolled and flattened into the form required, then gummed and covered with tinfoil. If this is well crumpled first, it resembles frosted silver.


**"Woman and her Diseases"**

is the title of an interesting treatise (96 pages) sent, postpaid, for three stamps. Address WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.


To make cloth waterproof apply a strong solution of soap to the wrong side of the cloth, and when dry wash the other side of the fabric with a solution of alum.


Young men or middle aged ones, suffering from nervous debility and kindred weaknesses, should send three stamps for Part VII of World's Dispensary Dime Series of books. Address WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.


No two after-dinner coffee-cups should be the same, says an exchange, and this will enable china collectors to show what they have got that is old, new, odd, unique, exclusive, and pretty.

**A Means of Grace.**

When man has outraged the laws of health and sinned against his stomach and organs, to which he has been indebted for life and pleasure, what shall save him from pain and disease, to which his ignorance, carelessness or recklessness entitle him. The wise old monks have provided a means of grace in *St. Bernard's Vegetable Pills.* They take hold of the beginning of things by purifying the blood and thus regulating digestion, nutrition and secretion, whereby salvation from disease is secured.

THE gauntlet glove is coming into fashion for morning use in quiet gray, tan and wood shades. They are made in four different lengths and the longest cuffs reach nearly to the elbows.


**Consumption Cured.**

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 *Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*


*It* appears that the leaf of a plant can transform into useful work as much as 40 per cent. of the solar energy it receives and absorbs.


Malaria, chills, positively cured by Emory's Standard Cure Pills. Their equal unknown; sugar coated: no griping. 25c.


MARRIED life should be a sweet, harmonious song, and like one of Mendelssohn's, "without words."


Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer is the marvel of the age for all nerve diseases. All fits stopped free. Send to 931 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.


"Improve your opportunities," said Bonaparte to a school of young men: "every hour lost now is a chance of future misfortune."


Why don't you use St. Patrick's Salve? Try it. Use it. 25c at all druggists.



Phœnix Pectoral breaks a cold and stops cough. 25cts.


A conservative is a man who will look at the new moon out of respect for that "ancient institution," the old one.


Every year adds to testimonials from use in Heart Disease of Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator. Price $1.


A man need only correct himself with the same rigor that he apprehends others, and excuse others with the same indulgence that he shows to himself.

A HOG sweats, not like a horse or man, but through his fore legs, just below the knee, in the form of a sieve. Through this the sweat passes off, and it is necessary that this be kept open. If it gets closed, as is sometimes the case, the hog will get sick. To cure him, simply open the pores. This is done by rubbing and washing with warm water. There is not much danger, however, of a healthy hog ever being troubled in this way. Once in a while it will occur in the best regulated hog pens.


**Mother Swan's Worm Syrup.**

Infallible, tasteless, harmless, cathartic; for feverishness, restlessness, worms. 25c.


ANOTHER way is to cover the letters with paper roses, made by cutting rounds of tissue paper the size of a silver dollar, sewing five one inside the other, creasing them together, and setting them closely side by side.


**Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar.**

FOR PERSONS OF ALL AGES. A WONDERFUL CURE FOR COUGHS, COLDS, CROUP, WHOOPING COUGH, BRONCHITIS, AND CONSUMPTION. IT BANISHES COUGHS (acute or chronic) and BREAKS UP COLDS like magic; IT CURES, in fact, where other remedies have failed.

Keep it in readiness. Of all Druggists at 50c. and $1—largest, cheapest. *Look out for imitations.*

Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute. *Parisian Corn Remover Kills Corns and Bunions.* 6tis.


Nothing is so credulous as vanity, or so ignorant of what becomes itself.


**ST. JACOBS OIL**

THE GREAT **GERMAN REMEDY FOR PAIN.**

CURES Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Headache, Toothache, Sore Throat, Swellings, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Frost Bites, AND ALL OTHER BODILY PAINS AND ACHES.

Sold by Druggists and Dealers everywhere. Fifty Cents a bottle. Directions in 11 languages

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO. (Successors to A. VOGELER & CO.) Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.



**SAMARITAN NERVINE** NEVER FAILS.

IS UNFAILING AND INFALLIBLE IN CURING *Epileptic Fits, Spasm,* Falling Sickness, Convulsions, St. Vitus Dance, Alcoholism, Opium Eating, Seminal Weakness, Impotency, Syphilis, Scrofula, and all

**Nervous and Blood Diseases.**

To Clergymen, Lawyers, Literary Men, Merchants, Bankers, Ladies and all whose sedentary employment causes Nervous Prostration, Irregularities of the blood, stomach, bowels or kidneys, or who require a nerve tonic, appetizer or stimulent, *Samaritan Nervine* is invaluable.

Thousands proclaim it the most wonderful Invigorant that ever sustained a sinking system. $1.50, at Druggists.

THE GREAT NERVE CONQUEROR.

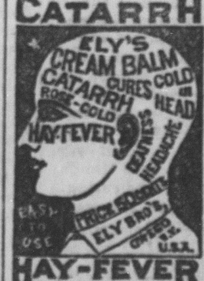
The DR. S. A. RICHMOND MEDICAL CO., Sole Proprietors, St. Joseph, Mo.

For testimonials and circulars send stamp.

Chas. N. Crittenton, Agent, New York. (8)



**HOP PLASTER**



This porous plaster is famous for its quick and hearty action in curing Lame Back, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Crick in the Back, Side or Hip, Neuralgia, Stiff Joints and Muscles, Sore Chest, Kidney Troubles and all pains or aches either local or deep-seated. It Soothes, Strengthens and Stimulates the parts. The virtues of hops combined with gums—clean and ready to apply. Superior to liniments, lotions and salves. Price 25 cents or 5 for $1.00. Sold by druggists and country stores. Mailed on receipt of price. *Hop Plaster Company,* Proprietors, Boston, Mass.

**A GREAT SUCCESS**

☞ The best family pill made—Hawley's Stomach and Liver Pills. 25c. Pleasant in action and easy to take.



**THE STARTLING**

**Information Discovered in a Newspaper Paragraph and How it Saved a Life.**

No pain which man has to endure equals that of gravel. "I would rather die," exclaims the patient, "than have such attacks very often." Gravel forms in the system because of the impurities of the blood, and prevails among all classes. It caused the death of Napoleon III. Mr. E. Dewitt Parsons, of 271 Plymouth Ave., Rochester, N.Y., recently had a remarkable experience with it. He is a well-knit, fine-looking, hearty-appearing gentleman. One day he was prostrated with pain from the small of his back to the abdomen. For some time previous his appetite had been fickle, his bowels inactive, and he had felt sore above his hips. After voiding water he had a severe pain and gnawing sensation. "For some time my disorder mystified me," he said, "but one day I read of a case very like my own in a paper. I wrote the person whose name appeared, and he confirmed it fully. From that little incident I discovered I had stone in the bladder and gravel in the kidneys. I was greatly alarmed then, but the disease has lost its terrors to me now, for I am fully recovered—cured by DR. DAVID KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY, (of Rondout, N. Y.) which I most cordially commend to all persons suffering from kidney disorders, pain in back, stone or gravel. My wife also regards it as especially excellent for women." Under the effects of this medicine many cases of stone and gravel have been perfectly cured and the tendency to its re-formation prevented. Dr. Kennedy has performed many surgical operations for the removal of stone by the knife when size prevented removal through the natural channels, and he has never lost a case! and the cause is due to his using FAVORITE REMEDY in the after treatment.



**CATARRH**



Ely's Cream Balm when applied by the finger into the nostrils, will be absorbed, effectually cleansing the head of catarrhal virus, causing healthy secretions. It allays inflammation, protects the membrane of the nasal passages from additional colds, completely heals the sores and restores taste and smell. A few applications relieve. *A thorough treatment will positively cure.* Agreeable to use. Send for circular. Price 50 cents by mail or at druggists. ELY BROTHERS, Druggists, Owego, N. Y.

**HAY-FEVER**



**SELLERS' COUGH SYRUP.**

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.



**RUPTURE**

Cure Guaranteed in all cases by Dr. J. B. Mayer Under his treatment case is at once obtained and persons can attend to their business immediately after treatment. Examination free. Send stamp for reply. Main office, 831 Arch Street, Philadelphia. Will be at the Keystone House, Reading, Pa., every 2d Saturday; Hershey House, Harrisburg, Pa., 5th and 6th; St. Clair Hotel, Pittsburgh, Pa., 7th and 8th of each month.



**Patent Tough Glass Lamp Chimney**

Fire Proof. Will not break by heat or cold, or heavy falls. Worth 20 common chimneys. Sell everywhere and at sight. AGENTS WANTED. Here is a chance for steady work at big pay. Sample mailed for 25c., also circulars and terms by J. CLOWES, Reedsville, Mifflin Co., Pa



**The Peculiar Old Mystery!**

It was one of the peculiarities of the old-fashioned Doctors that they never would tell patients what they were prescribing for them. They said it would do the patients no good to know, and that it would only be gratifying a foolish curiosity. In order to keep patients from knowing, they would write the prescriptions in dog-Latin, so that most patients could not read them. All that sort of thing is now over. The patient wants to know what he takes. He is weak, and wants to be strong, or he is dyspeptic, and wants to digest well. Or he has a troublesome liver which he wants to put to rights. So he takes Brown's Iron Bitters about which there is no mystery at all. This is the best preparation of iron in the world, in combination with gentle yet efficient tonics. It gives strength. It builds up enfeebled systems. It enriches impoverished blood. It removes feminine weaknesses. It casts out debility. It is what YOU want, and your druggist has it.



**30 DAYS' TRIAL**

DR. DYE'S

(BEFORE.) (AFTER.)

ELECTRO-VOLTAIC BELT and other ELECTRIC APPLIANCES are sent on 30 Days' Trial TO MEN ONLY, YOUNG OR OLD, who are suffering from NERVOUS DEBILITY, LOST VITALITY, WASTING WEAKNESSES, and all those diseases of a PERSONAL NATURE, resulting from ABUSE and OTHER CAUSES. Speedy relief and complete restoration to HEALTH, VIGOR and MANHOOD GUARANTEED. Send at once for Illustrated Pamphlet free. Address VOLTAIC BELT CO., Marshall, Mich.



**FREE Excursion** INFORMATION IN REGARD TO CHEAP LAND

Rates to Texas, Arkansas and California.

Pamphlets, etc., describing lands for sale can be had by addressing J. J. FOWLER, East. Pass. Ag't, Utica, N. Y.; J. D. McBEATH, N. E. Pass. Ag't, Boston; D. W. JANOWITZ, S. E. Pass. Ag't, Baltimore, Md. H. B. McCLELLAN, Gen. East. Pass. Ag't Mo. Pac. R.R., 243 B'dway, N. Y.



**TO MOTHERS**

Is your child restless? Does it pick its nose, start in its sleep, and grind its teeth? If so, it has WORMS, and you should use CLARK'S INFALLIBLE **WORM SYRUP** AT ONCE. SAFE and EFFECTUAL in its action. 25c. a bottle. Druggists.



THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY

**GOOD NEWS TO LADIES!**

Greatest inducements ever offered. Now's your time to get up orders for our celebrated Teas and Coffees, and secure a beautiful Gold Band or Moss Rose China Tea Set, or Handsome Decorated Gold Band Moss Rose Dinner Set, or Gold Band Moss Decorated Toilet Set. For full particulars address THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO., P. O. Box 289. 21 and 23 Vesey St., New York.



**CONSUMPTION.**

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express and P. O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., New York.



EVERY HEALTHY WOMAN IS BEAUTIFUL! Bad temper, peevishness, discontent, &c., are generally due to bad health. Every body knows that "Dr. Lütze's Specific for Women" restores health, good nature, and beauty by enriching the blood, regulating the secretions, and soothing and strengthening the nervous system." Endorsed by the most eminent Physicians who make a specialty of female diseases. Only to be had from BOWEN, LÜTZE & CO., Sole Proprietors and Manufacturers, 1139 Girard St., Philadelphia, Pa. Sent by mail to any address upon receipt of $2.00. Lady Agents wanted. ☞ Dr. Lütze may be consulted free at office or by letter.



PISO'S REMEDY FOR CATARRH

Easy to use. A certain cure. Not expensive. Three months' treatment in one package. Good for Cold in the Head, Headache, Dizziness, Hay Fever, &c. Fifty cents. By all Druggists, or by mail. E. T. HAZELTINE, Warren, Pa.



**FITS** A Leading London Physician establishes an Office in New York for the Cure of EPILEPTIC FITS.

*From Am. Journal of Medicine.*

Dr. Ab. Meserole (late of London), who makes a specialty of Epilepsy, has without doubt treated and cured more cases than any other living physician. His success has simply been astonishing; we have heard of cases of over 20 years' standing successfully cured by him. He has published a work on this disease, which he sends with a large bottle of his wonderful cure free to any sufferer who may send their express and P. O. Address as above any one wishing a cure to address Dr. AB. MESEROLE, No. 96 John St., New York.



**Walnut Leaf Hair Restorer.**

WALNUT LEAF HAIR RESTORER

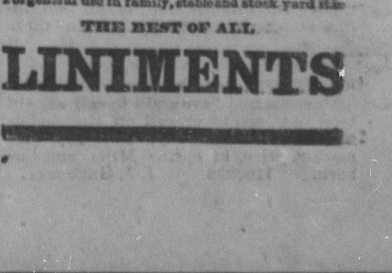
It is entirely different from all others, and as its name indicates is a perfect Vegetable Hair Restorer. It will immediately free the head from all dandruff, restore grey hair to its natural color, and produce a new growth where it has fallen off. It does not effect the health, which sulphur, sugar of lead and nitrate of silver preparations have done. It will change light or faded hair in a few days to a beautiful glossy brown. Ask your druggist for it. Each bottle is warranted. Smith, Kline & Co., Wholesale Ag'ts, Phila., Pa., and C. N. Crittenton, N. Y.



WILBOR'S COMPOUND OF **PURE COD LIVER OIL AND LIME.**

**To Consumptives—Many have been happy** to give their testimony in favor of the use of "WILBOR'S PURE COD-LIVER OIL AND LIME." Experience has proved it to be a valuable remedy for Consumption, Asthma, Diphtheria, and all diseases of the Throat and Lungs. Manufactured only by A. B. WILBOR, Chemist, Boston. Sold by all drug dists.





**CELEBRATED PAXTON ENGINE.**

FIRST PRIZE MEDAL on Combined Farm and Traction Engines at Southern Exposition, Louisville, Ky., 1883. Manufacturers of Boilers, Engines, Saw Mills and Separators. ☞ SEND FOR CIRCULARS.

**FOUNDRY AND MACHINE DEPARTMENT**

HARRISBURG CAR MANUFACTURING CO., HARRISBURG, PA.



LIST OF DISEASES ALWAYS CURABLE BY USING

**MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT.**

| OF HUMAN FLESH. | OF ANIMALS. |
|---|---|
| Rheumatism, | Scratches, |
| Burns and Scalds, | Sores and Galls, |
| Stings and Bites, | Spavin, Cracks, |
| Cuts and Bruises, | Screw Worm, Grub, |
| Sprains & Stitches, | Foot Rot, Hoof Ail, |
| Contracted Muscles | Lameness, |
| Stiff Joints, | Swinny, Founders, |
| Backache, | Sprains, Strains, |
| Eruptions, | Sore Feet, |
| Frost Bites, | Stiffness, |

and all external diseases, and every hurt or accident. For general use in family, stable and stock yard this

THE BEST OF ALL.

**LINIMENTS**

# THE CENTRE REPORTER.

CENTRE HALL, PA., March 26, '84.

TERMS —$2 per year in advance. $2 50 when not in advance. Advertisements 20 cents per line for three insertions. One colum per year $90—½ colum $45.

☞Hereafter all subscribers paying their subscription in advance, will get a credit of two months additional as a premium.



WHITMER & CO'S

Two Stores (connected by telephone) that aint beat anywhere "in this neck o the woods" buy WHEAT, RYE, BARLEY, &c. Sell HARD and SOFT COAL. Manufacturers' Agents for Furniture and Farm Implements.

G. R. S. & Co., WHITMER & Co.

Spring Mills.


## *AN OPEN LETTER.*

*Office of* D. GARMAN & SON.

BUSH'S ARCADE. *Bellefonte, April*, 1884.

*TO OUR PATRONS :*

This week we enter upon our second year, and we have to thank the people for their very liberal patronage. Our success proves that "honest goods at honest prices" are bound to take, and it has built up the finest retail trade in the county. It is a platform that admits of no deception, in advertising no petty tricks to draw people to our store; nothing that is in any way fraudulent. We use the papers as do other honest advertisers to keep our goods, our prices and our system before the public, and referring to all three we are very careful to tell the truth. While we are no less careful to avoid the mention of prices where they will be likely to create a false impression, we shall still tell you that anything you buy of us that is not exactly as we say, you may return it and have your money refunded.

Respectfully, your obedient servants,

*D. GARMAN & SON.*

## LOCAL ITEMS.

Mr. Michael Bierly, of Madisonburg, is on the sick list.

——There are cases of diptheria at Rock Spring. The "Watchman" says Mr. B. Crane died of the terrible disease.

——James Steffy, an old acquaintance of the editor and one of Rebersburg's oldest citizens, died on 20, aged 84. He had his home with Judge Frank.

——John Hull, a veteran of the war of 1812, died last week at Valentine's works, aged 90 years.

——The proposed railroad thro' the Brushvalley Narrows to some western connection would strike Centre Hall square. The REPORTER is ready to put in its best licks for it.

——Miss Alvilda Long, of New Berlin, intends opening a new millinery and fancy store about April 3, in Gift & Flory's room, two doors below Dinges & Rearick's store. Miss Long has had a long experience in millinery in Philadelphia and comes highly recommended.

——Dr. Ed. Miller, son of Rev. J. K. Miller, has finished his course at the Baltimore Med. College, and graduated with honors. The doctor paid his respects to the REPORTER the other day, and will, no doubt, put out his shingle somewhere one of these days. We wish Ed. abundant success.

——Contractor Vandyke has made Odenkirk's hotel, at the Fort, headquarters for his railroad hands.

In Mr. Duck's correction last week the compositor made an error. The following sentence should read 1875, not 1876: For instance, Mr. Alexander was not a member of the school board April 1, 1875 and order No. 58 was not paid by Mr. Alters.

We learn that Colonel D. H. Hastings, of Bellefonte, formerly lieutenant of the Fifth regiment, National Guard, and at present assistant adjutant general of the Second brigade, will be brought forward as a candidate for colonel of the Fifth regiment, to succeed Colonel S. W. Davis, who has resigned.

The REPORTER is in for Col. Hastings as usual. He is a son of Mars—a soldier in stature, bearing, voice, can eat hard tack, sleep in a furrow, and tell a joke, and will invite a fellow into his tent.

——Mr. Wm. Neece, of Gregg, is still seriously ill. Mr. Levi Murray, of Centre Hall, has recruited sufficiently from a serious attack of pneumonia to be up again. Dr. Fisher, of Boalsburg, is slow in recovery from a stroke of paralysis which he had several weeks ago.

——One night last week a Huntingdon county Methodist church was broken into and robbed of the collection money. That thief is as mean as the one who will take a paper regularly for years and then dodge the subscription.

Having recently employed an additional first-class workman from an Eastern city, I am now prepared to furnish as fine Monuments and Head-stones at as low prices as can be got in the state. I respectfully solicit the patronage of the public in general. S. A. STOVER.

— Mr. Wm. J. Thompson, of Potters Mills, spent an hour with the REPORTER the other day. We were pleased to observe that he has recovered from an attack of paralysis some months ago. Our friend Thompson is one of the best and most worthy citizens of Potter, and we trust he will keep his regained health for future usefulness.


If you are suffering from a sense of extreme weariness, try one bottle of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It will cost you but one dollar, and will do you incalculable good. It will do away with that tired feeling, and give you new life and energy.


——New styles Derby and Sedora hats just received at the Bee Hive.

Raw silk goods for curtains and lambrequons—Garmans.

Dress goods at Garmans.

White goods and embroideries at Garmans.

——Any active, energetic young men who desire employment in a paying business can learn something to ther advantage by addressing Lock Box 15, Lewisburg, Pa. Work is respectable and good wages guaranteed. School teachers and others who will be out of employment during the summer months can find lucrative employment. $125.00 in three weeks. tf

125 bushels shelled corn, good No. 1, for sale by A. J. Grove. 6mar4t

PARTIES that have grain to sell should be sure to sell to or call on the undersigned who will always pay the best market price, at Spring Mills and Coburn. 11oct6m I. J. GRENOBLE.

## SPRING MILLS ITEMS.

Mr. Samuel Harter is putting up a fine new residence near the Georges Valley church. Mr. M. Guise is putting up a new dwelling at Penn Hall. Our town had plenty of mud and to spare. Wm. Pealer, one of our best business men, has retired from business.

## A POPULAR FALLACY.

Many people think that rheumatism cannot be cured. It is caused by a bad state of blood which deposits poisonous matter in the joints and muscles causing lameness, stiffness and swelling of the joints and excrutiating pain. Kidney-Wort will certainly effect a cure. It acts on the kidneys, liver and bowels, stimulating them to a healthy action, purifies and enriches the blood and eliminates the poison from the system. Go to the nearest druggist, buy Kidney-Wort and be cured.

## LEFT HIS HOME.

The Lock Haven *Express* says that Mr. Henry Wolfe, postmaster at Boonville, a little town in Sugar Valley, after changing the mail the other morning left his home in a very mysterious manner, leaving a letter to his son asking him to be kind to his mother and little sister, and telling him to take care of the postoffice, as he did not expect to return. Mr. Wolfe has always been known as a good citizen, in good circumstances and his family and neighbors have no idea whatever of the cause of his sudden movement to parts unknown.

## MADISONBURG.

Sorry that Dr. I. J. Reber leaves us; he goes to Seiglerville; the doctor had made many friends here and we wish him continued success.

A sister town in our valley solemnly warns the young men of that town that its pining, pinched-up, wasp-waisted, doll-dressed, consumptive mortgaged, music-murdering, novel-devouring daughters of fashion and idleness are no more fit for matrimony than the pullet is to look after a brood of fourteen chickens.

The entertainment by our teachers was a very interesting affair; the pupils did well and many thanks to the teachers. The house was crowded; the music was furnished by the Rebersburg band, and was the very best. Miss Ida Reber and and Geo. Limbert were dressed in Quaker costume and sang a Quaker duet, which was very pleasing. Misses Maggie and Ella Miller sang "Six Cents per Quarter for Schooling" in very clear voices. Mr. Lew Wolf acted as village barber to perfection, the razor being three feet long. Miss Oker playing "Hail Columbia" and "Yankee Doodle" at the same time was much admired. MILES.

——Mr. John Emerick, formerly of this place, now of Karthause, is here on a visit, and gave us a call.

— We saw some very handsome fancy work done with a scroll-saw, by the clerk in Lewins' clothing store, a nephew of Lewins. The article is a handsome chandelier with figures of birds and men, artistic curves, etc, all original in design with this young artizan. One of the handsomest birdcages we ever saw, was also made by the skillful hands of this young man with his scroll-saw.

——Mr. John Rishel reports that his ties upon inspection are pronounced best of any delivered.

Don't you know that Garmans is the cheapest store in the county.


Now that sudden and violent changes of weather occur every 24 hours almost every one is troubled with coughs and colds making a reliable, effective and trustworthy cough medicine a desirable article. In this connection Dr. Kessler's Celebrated English Cough Medicine is especially worthy of note—it never fails; it never disappoints. Instructions for treatment of croup and whooping cough accompany each bottle. Dissatisfied purchasers can have their money refunded. Sold by J. D. Murray. tf


Largest line of gent's furnishing goods at Garmans.

——Stover's Bellefonte Marble Yard is doing the largest business in that line in this county. They turn out the best work and charge the lowest prices and are the most accommodating fellows. They put up monuments and tombstones equal to any furnished in the city. Try them.

——Henry Boozer opened the campaign for fresh meat on Monday morning.

— Sunday last was wet; Monday and Tuesday were fine and like spring.

More 5c ginghams at Garmans.

——The roads are drying up.


### Delicate and Feeble Ladies.

Those languid, tiresome sensations, causing you to feel scarcely able to be on your feet; that constant drain that is taking from your system all its former elasticity; driving the bloom from your cheeks; that continual strain upon your vital forces, rendering you irritable and fretful, can easily be removed by the use of that marvelous remedy, Hop Bitters. Irregularities and obstructions of your system are relieved at once, while the special cause of periodical pain are permanently removed. None receive so much benefit, and none are so profoundly grateful and show such an interest in recommending Hop Bitters as women.

### Feels Young Again.

"My mother was afflicted a long time with Neuralgia and a dull, heavy, inactive condition of the whole system; headache, nervous prostration, and was almost helpless. No physicians or medicines did her any good. Three months ago she began to use Hop Bitters with such good effect that she seems and feels young again, although over 70 years old. We think there is no other medicine fit to use in the family."—A lady, in Providence. Bradford, Pa., May 8, 1875.

It has cured me of several diseases, such as nervousness, sickness at the stomach, monthly troubles, etc. I have not seen a sick day in a year, since I took Hop Bitters. All my neighbors use them. MRS. FANNIE GREEN.

$3,000 LOST.—"A tour of Europe that cost $3,000, done me less good than one bottle of Hop Bitters; they also cured my wife of fifteen years' nervous weakness, sleeplessness and dyspepsia." R. M., Auburn, N. Y.

### High Authority.

Hop Bitters is not, in any sense, an alcoholic beverage or liquor, and could not be sold for use except to persons desirous of obtaining a medicinal bitters.

GREEN B. RAUM, U. S. Com. Inter'l Rev. So. Bloomingville, O., May 1, '79.

Sirs.—I have suffered ten years and I tried your Hop Bitters and it done me more good than all the doctors. MISS S. S. BOONE.

### Baby Saved.

We are so thankful to say that our nursing baby was permanently cured of a dangerous and protracted constipation and irregularity of the bowels by the use of Hop Bitters by its mother which at the same time restored her to perfect health and strength.—The Parents, Rochester, N. Y.


The subject of the following was once a Pennsylvania boy, and is copied from an Effingham, Ill., paper:

"This week Mr. J. P. Condo, of Moccasin announces himself as a candidate for Representative. Mr. Condo has been identified with the business interests of the county for so long that his name is familiar to all classes. He is decidedly a self made man. About sixteen years ago he came to Effingham, and for six months afterward worked in the tan-yard of McMurray, as a day laborer. He then went to Moccasin township where he rented a farm, and began life as a farmer. At the expiration of four years he engaged in the mercantile business at Moccasin, which business he has ever since followed. He has been postmaster at Moccasin for more than ten years, and last spring was elected Supervisor from his township by an almost unanimous vote. Four years ago Mr. Condo was one of the delegates to the Republican State Convention which met at Springfield, Ill. He is a staunch Republican, and the fact that he has accumulated over fifty thousand dollars worth of property in less than sixteen years is evidence of his superior business capacity. If the Republicans of this county and district cast their votes for Mr. Condo at the coming election he will, no doubt, prove himself an able Representative."

Mr. Condo is a son-in-law of Samuel Motz, of Woodward.

Gov. Pattison, Sec'y Stenger and Supt. Higbee arrived at Bellefonte, on Tuesday evening and left again this morning. They met as a board, with Prof. Atherton, to consider matters in relation to the State College—the reduction of its faculty, expenses, etc. Their meeting was held at Bellefonte, and the Board sat until 2 this morning. There was majority and minority report—differing as to the extent of the proposed reduction.

——A man by the name of Kirwin, a workman at Valentine's ore bank, was found dead at the mines east of Pleasant Gap on Tuesday forenoon, supposed to have died of heart disease.

The man's name was John Curwin, employed at the Taylor mine bank. He was missed since Tuesday of last week, and found as above stated on Tuesday last. The Coroner's jury report that he died from exposure resulting from intemperance.

——One of the most successful new business houses, we take pleasure in saying, is that of D. Garman & Son, dealers in white goods, notions, domestic and gent's furnishing goods. The taste and neatness displayed about their store render it a popular place for ladies who want latest styles fine goods. The increase in the number of clerks proves the gaining popularity of the store. Mr. Wm. Pealer, formerly of Spring Mills, and Miss Anna Swartz, late of the Bee Hive, have been added as clerks, and will be found accommodating. Go and see Garman's handsome store, when at Bellefonte, even if you don't want to buy.

——Mr. Samuel Foust, of Miles, who is looking sheriffward, gave the REPORTER a call. We are pleased to find him completely over his Milton tumble.

——John T. Lee's Phaeton road-cart can be seen on our street any day, and is just the thing for ease on a horse, comfort to the driver, and beauty in get-up. Mr. Lee will fill orders for this, the coming vehicle.

——Sechlers have just opened a full line of choice family groceries and provisions, such as teas, coffees, sugars, spices, canned goods, dried fruits, meats, nuts, oysters, fine candies, fish, syrups, etc., together with glass, china, wood and willow ware, and household supplies of all kinds at the lowest living prices. Goods are all newly bought, strictly fresh, and of the very best kind.

## STRUCK COAL INSTEAD OF OIL.

A special from DuBois says: The projectors of the oil well located here have nearly abandoned all hope of striking a producing well, but it has leaked out that they have passed through several veins of coal and all the neighboring coal companies are engaged in a struggle over the possession of the leases held by the oil company. The men about the mine have all been bound to secrecy, so that nothing definite can be learned. It is said that Bell, Lewis & Yates, the extensive coal operators, have already succeeded in gobbling up a good sized slice of coal territory in the neighborhood nearly adjoining their present tracts.

## APRIL COURT.

GRAND JURORS.—Huston, J Craig, E B Henderson.....Boggs, D P Shope.....Patton, J P Hartswick.....Rush, D Whitton, D E Dunlap.....Potter, Sam'l Housman, Joshua Potter.....Spring, W S Hunter.....Liberty, D Wagner.....Harris, Wes Meyers.....Union, G Hall.....Halfs, G H Miller.....Ferguson, J N Bell.....Philipsburg, J Haines, G M Rhule.....Bellefonte, L D Meek.....College, J S Barley.....Halfmoon, P W Burket.....Howard, T Doughenbaugh.....Gregg, Wm. Pealer, Wm. Goodhart.....Marion, B F Vonada.....Unionville, John Bing.

Traverse Jurors, 1st Week.

Walker, Is. Stauble, J M'Conly.....Curtin, D McClosky, Jr., J P Dehass.....Union, B W Shiply, L W Fisher.....Boggs, J Thorpe, H Reese, Wm. Walker, J C Walker.....Bellefonte, C D Hoffer, Wm. Galbraith, Wm. McClellan, N Redding, T Dashner, E Graham, jr.....Philipsburg, H C williams, O Adams, Jer. Sanky, J Perks.....Millesburg, O P Kreamer.....Liberty, J Bumgardner.....Spring, M Furey, J H Lutz, Lot Struble, Howard, Jac. Leathers, D Shaak.....Halfmoon, Willis Musser, Thad. Stover.....Millheim, S S Musser, Halfmoon, W Gray, M Gates.....Harris, W W Leech, Wm. McFarlane.....Millesburg, J A Rishel.....Penn, David Fidler.....Potter, Wm. Bradford.....Burnside, G M Hastline.....Ferguson, D Harpster, D Krebs.....Greeg, Jas T Grove, David Gentzel, James Hanna.....Huston, J B Long.....Walker, Wm. Vonada.....Worth, M S Spots.....Benner, A Hamilton.....College, Em. Musser.

Traverse, Special Court, Apr. 7.

Potter, Levi Stump, Ed Kline.....Patton, B Kephart.....Bellefonte, J Irwin, jr., J A Dunkle, A Hoover, H Van Orner, F Steel, F B Stover.....Haines, J H Weaver.....Spring, J Ross, H Noll, J A Hazel.....College, G Reop.....Ferguson, J Nash.....Walker, W B Shaffer.....Marion, S Aley.....Millesburg, J Proudfoot, W T Hall.....Howard, A Shank.....Huston, J I Thompson.....Boggs, J Curtin, C Lucas.....Miles, J W Morris, T R Boyer.....Halfmoon, T Rupp.....Penn, C E Deininger, D Ulrich, Jacob Emerick.....Gregg, Wm. Homan.....Snowshoe, J W Collins.....Philipsburg, E A Blowers.....Union, R Underwood.....Harris, J S Boal.

Traverse, 2d Week.

Snowshoe, J G Cadle, J Watson.....Patton, J Behrer, W Reed.....Curtin, G Boone.....Unionville, F M'Donald.....Boggs, G W Young, J B Curtin.....Harris, D W Meyers, P M Webber, B Taylor, W Moore.....Bellefonte, W A Lyon, Wm. Kane, J Shrock, H P Harris.....Liberty, H Bitner.....Philipsburg, J Funk.....Potter, Wm. Goodhart, D Fidler, Jas. Shaffer, Sam'l Durst.....Miles, Mugilbert, And. Hazel.....Haines, Geo. Rupp, M Stover, D H Rote.....College, H Thompson, Wm. Collins.....Walker, W Carner.....Penn, George Petern.....Gregg, Hiram Durst, Jacob Brosh.....Union, W Irvin.....Spring, W Lucas.....Liberty, J P Linn.....Benner, Ezra Smith.

## AN ODD ORDER.

Wyoming ranchmen embrace all sorts of people, from the sons of English lords, learned professors and graduates of the best colleges in the country, to the man with a common school education and the individual who has no education at all to speak of, other than that acquired since he was kicked out of the back door of the paternal mansion and told to rustle for himself. They are an enterprising, industrious, level-headed set of men, however—all of them—and when they set out to accomplish anything are pretty certain to succeed. For instance, we herewith present an order from a well-known resident of North Albany county, received by one of our leading merchants recently. It will be seen that he seems to know just what he wants, but that his manner of expressing his wishes, is somewhat irregular and eccentric and peculiar, as it were: MR.——

Please send me by the Rock Creek stage 100 pounds salt, ½ barrel brown sugar, 10 pounds brown sugar, 100 45-calibre Winchester cartridges, 10 gallons best sour-mash whisky—like the first sent. Also send me two woolen undershirts for a lady quite thick, two hoop-skirts for a lady of some em bom point, and a corset for a girl of 15.

P. S.—Send 50 pounds of coffee, a few late copies of the *Weekly Boomerang*, a copy of the New Testament and Psalms bound together, large print, and be very particular about the quality of the sour-mash whiskey. Yours truly, — ——.

## TEACHING DOGS TO TALK.

Willis Cobb, the celebrated dog trainer, of Cleveland, Ohio, some twenty years ago demonstrated the possibility of distinct articulation from the throat of the canine. A large white English bulldog was taken as a subject for experimentand by a few months' training was made to say quite distinctively, "Oh, no!" "I won't" and "Mormon." The method of instruction as related by Mr. Cobb to the writer, was very simple. The dog was aught first to sit in a chair and cry, or give prolonged howls, a trick easily attained and not an uncommon accomplishment. As he commenced to howl, Cobb would seize him about the nose, cutting the cry short and producing the "Oh," and instantly letting go would let out another short howl making the "No." A few days' practice and the trainer had only to pretend to seize the snout, and the dog would cut the cry into producing very plainly the "Oh, no," and at last no motion was needed. Of course the dog had no notion of the value or meaning of the words, but spoke them like a parrot. Sir John Lubbock is now engaged in teaching a black poodle the meaning and value of words by means of cards, and the same strategy that let in the light of the language upon the brain of Laura Bridgeman, the deaf, blind mute, brings good results with the dog.

## MOONLIGHT INJURIOUS TO FISH.

It is well-known in tropical countries that the moon's rays occasion the rapid decomposition of flesh and fish. A number of bonitas having been caught one evening near the line by a friend of mine, the spoil was hung up in the rigging of the ship, and was thus exposed to the moon through the night. Next morning it was cooked for breakfast. Symptoms of poisoning were soon exhibited by all who partook of it—their heads swelling to a great size, etc. Emetics were promptly administered, and happily no one died. The natives of the South Pacific are careful never to expose fish (a constant article of diet in many islands) to the moon's rays by any chance. They often sleep by the seashore fishing, but never with the face uncovered. Aboriginals of Australia do the same as well as they can with their fishing nets, etc. A fire answers the same purpose. May not the injurious influence of the moon, in addition to her beauty and utility, account for the almost universal worship of that orb throughout the heathen world.

## A STRANGE COURTSHIP.

An old bachelor German immigrant, who is tilling the soil in Dakota, tiring of his solitary lot, but finding no helpmate near, wrote some time ago to his aged mother in Germany, asking her to choose and send him a wife. She replied that she knew the right woman, but she was living in Brazil. She wrote to the woman, however, inclosing the son's photograph, describing him and his life, and proposing to her to share it. The suggestion found favor in her eyes, and through the mother the son was soon informed. Further correspondence followed, giving directions, and the means of travel, and a few weeks ago the heroine of this singular triangular courtship came from Brazil to New York, and thence went West to meet her husband.

## PECULIAR ECCENTRICITY.

An eccentric individual is Dr. Whitney Cleveland, formerly of New Haven, Conn., but now of Colorado. He always wears the garment of a Quaker. He carefully notes all the calls of his practice, but never sends out a bill. Only those pay him who chose to do so. He always uses salt instead of soap for washing his face and head. He never drinks tea, coffee, nor intoxicants. Black clothes are his abhorrence, a cravat or necktie he never wears, and although he keeps his boots oiled he never has them blacked. He is very fond of the water and swims as well now although he is eighty years old as he did when he was eighteen.

Have you been in Garman's store this spring? Everybody says it will pay to go there.

## THE MUSTANG.

The wild horse of America, although now native to the soil, is decended from the tribes of wild hosres that still rove the plains of Central Asia. When the discoverers of this continent first landed, there were no horses anywhere in either North or South America. Centuries before, the horse had been introduced into European countries from Asia, and had become common all over that continent. When Columbus arrived here on his second voyage, in 1493, he was accompanied by one Cabæa de Vaca, who brought with him a number of horses, which were landed in Florida. Cortez took horses with him to assist in the conquest of Mexico, as did Pizarro in his conquest of Peru. The natives were greatly affrighted when they beheld these strange animals. At first they supposed that the man and the horse were one complete creature, something like the centaur of which we read in ancient fable. And when they saw the rider dismount and disengage himself from his steed, their amazement knew no bounds. In time, the savages learned that the horse was an animal that had been subdued by man, and that it was a separate creature; but they long dreaded the horse of the Spaniards as a beast of prey. And when the horses escaped from their masters, and made their way into the freedom of the forest as they did after a space, the natives avoided them as something to be shunned. The quarreling Spaniards neglected their steeds, which soon found homes on the plains of Mexico, South America, and the unexplored interior of North America. From these escaped animals have sprung the wild horses of America. The mustang, as the native horse of the North American continent is usually called, is generally of a bright chestnut color. The horses marked with odd colors and patches are called "pinto," or "painted," by the Mexicans, and "calico," by the Americans. The mustang is smaller than the domesticated American horse; for we must remember that the larger horses now found in our stables are the direct decendants of later importations from Europe.

## HUMAN LIFE IN MEXICO.

As an instance of how little regard the Government has for life, let me tell you a pitiful story: A child was missing from a mining settlement at the edge of Zacatecas, and as weeks went by bringing no trace of him, the distracted parents imagined that he had been kidnapped. Thereupon some thirty persons, most of them laboring men about mines, were taken out and shot on the merest suspicion that they might know something about the lost boy! About three months afterwards somebody happened to look down into a deep hollow (probably an abandoned prospect hole) not many yards from the father's house, and discovered something therein which excited his curiosity. Closer investigation revealed a small skeleton, the poor child having undoubtedly fallen in during one of the epileptic fits to which he was subject, and had starved to death within sight of home! I happened to be present when the little mouldy jacket and muddy shoes were brought up, amid a crowd who wept with sympathy for the mourning mother; but nobody had a thought for the thirty victims—mostly fathers of families—who were sacrificed in the unavailing search.

## CROWS IN WINTER.

In a letter on "Winter Meadow Life" a newspaper correspondent writes: It is a wonder to me how the crows manage to exist during our severe Winters. The chicadees find plenty to eat in the eggs of insects, which their keen eyes detect under the scales of bark and in the fissures of trees. The blue jays I have often observed in the Fall plundering the oak trees of their acorns, and hiding them in hollow limbs, post-holes in fences, and other such places, in Winter revisiting these treasures and dining sumptuously upon their store. But the crows are neither provident like the jays nor able to enjoy the chicadee's bill of fare, and when the snow is deep upon the land they are often reduced to sore straits. Sitting in my study, I have seen a crow come feebly up from the meadows, emaciated and weak, his hunger overcoming his fear of man, catch up under the very window where I sat a crust of bread tossed out for the chickadees, and devour it greedily. No doubt these birds suffer severely at times; indeed, it is not uncommon to have them disappear altogether when the cold is particularly rigorous, and remain away until the weather moderates."

## A HISTORIC HOUSE.

Mrs. Fitzherbert's house at Brighton, which has just been sold to the trustees of a Young Men's Christian Association, was built in 1804 by the architect of the Dome and Pavilion. Mrs. Fitzherbert paid £4,000 for the house and site, and this was the last money she ever received from George IV. It used to be said that there was an underground passage between this house and the Pavilion, but this was nonsense, and arose out of the fact that a passage was cut from the pavilion to the sea in order to lay pipes to bring the water up to the royal bathroom. For this work the country paid £1,000, and the King never once used the new bath—indeed, at the time it was constructed he had not taken a sea bath for fifteen years.

White goods and embroideries at Garmans.

Miss Anna Swartz is clerking at D. Garman & Son's store.

There is economy in using a two-wheeled vehicle. They are easily kept clean and kept in repair at little cost. J. T. Lee, of Centre Hall, Pa., is now manufacturing the "Perfection," on two wheels which has been pronounced by best of judges to be as near as it is possible to arrive at all the name implies (viz, perfect.) It has also been endorsed by the best horsemen wherever introduced, as well as by all pysicians, and business men who have tried it; one trial will convince the most skeptical that it supercedes all two wheeled vehicles out—there being no jolting, jarring or horse-motion and no weight upon the back of the horse, so that any ordinary buggy harness is entirely suited to use with these carts. It will therefore be to the interest of all who intend purchasing a vehicle to call and examine the "Perfection" cart before purchasing any other, and secure the best.

MUSICAL SCHOOL.—The 24th Session of six weeks will begin in the Musical College, Freeburg, Pa., on Tuesday morning, April 29. For circular address, P. C. MEYER, Musical Director, 3mar4t Freeburg, Penn'a.

——If you want the "American Farmer," one year free of cost, read the advertisement in another column.

## MARKETS.

Philadelphia, Mar. 24, 1884.
(Corrected Weekly.)

| | | Chicago. | Philadelphia |
|---|---|---|---|
| Corn | Mar. | 50 | —57a61 |
| Wheat | " | 87¾ | —1 05¾ |
| Oats | " | 29½ | —42 |
| Pork | " | 17.72 | |
| Lard | " | 9 25 | |

SAMUEL WHITE, Jr., Com'n Broker, 31 South Third Street.

SPRING MILLS MARKET.

| | |
|---|---|
| Wheat—Red | $1.00 |
| White & Mixed | 1 00 |
| Rye | 65 |
| Corn, shelled, and ears old | 70 |
| Oats | 40 |
| Buckwheat | 50 |
| Barley | 55 |
| Cloverseed | 5 50 |
| Timothy seed | 1 40 |
| Plaster, ground per ton | 9 00 |
| Flour, per barrel | 5 00 |

Butter, 18; tallow, 6; lard, 10; ham, 16; shoulder, 10; bacon or side, 12; eggs per dozen, 15 cents.
Corrected weekly by I. J. Grenoble.

COAL.—Pea, $.25; Chestnut, 4.75; Stove, 5.00; Egg, 4.75.

BELLEFONTE MARKET.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Wheat, red | $ 95 | Corn | 60 |
| Wheat, mix | 90 | Oats | 40 |

(Corrected weekly by I. L. BROWN.)

Produce—Butter 25, eggs 20, ham 16 shoulders 13, sides 12½, lard 12, potatoes 50—by Valentines' Store.

EXECUTORS' NOTICE.—Letters testamentary upon the estate of Michael Spicher, dec'd, late of Potter twp., having been lawfully granted to the undersigned they would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present the same duly authenticated for settlement.
JOHN SPICHER,
MICHAEL H. SPICHER, Executors,
12mar6t Centre Hall, Penn'a.

EXECUTORS' NOTICE.—Letters testamentory upon the estate of Josiah Neff, late of Potter twp., dec'd, having been lawfully granted to the undersigned they would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the estate to make immediate payment and those having claims against the same to present the same duly authenticated for settlement.
MOLLIE NEFF,
6mar6t SUE E. NEFF, Executors,
Centre Hill, Penna.


WE ARE SELLING

TO-DAY.

Nails at $2.65 Basis. Bar Iron at 2½ Cents.

Lewis' Pure White Lead at $7.00. Mixed Paints, all colors, very low.

Door Locks at 25 cents and 35 cents each. Thum Latches at 4 and 5 cents each.

Long handled iron Shovels at 35 and 40 cents each.

GOOD SETS OF AXLES AT $2.50.

Good Hickory Fellows at 75c per pair.

Good finished hickory Poles at 75c.

Bright Springs 8½ to 9½c per pound.

Finished hickory Shafts at 50 to 60 cts. per pair.

Dash leather. Dull, Duck, Rubber, Drill

LOWER THAN EVER KNOWN.

Wood screws, Carriage and Tar bolts almost at the price of bar iron per lb. Ask or write for prices.

One-strap Horse blanket at 75c each.
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from 4½ inches to 36 inches by ½x¾.

You need not make them any more. We sell them at about the price you pay for the round iron. Think of 14½x½ machine bolts, square heads and nuts and screws for 10 to 15 cents each.

Great Reduction in Shades and Shadings.

Shades, plain, fringed and scolloped Lower than ever.

The newest styles of Dado, Picturesque and Artistic shades, beautiful in design and finish.

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Steel and Iron Harrow Teeth. Tool Steel never was as low.

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Dupont's Powder,

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From five cents a bolt up to any price you want them; no trouble to show them. Come and look at them if you don't want them, just to see how pretty they are. Centres, Ceilings, Brackets, Finest Stylings in plain and gilt.

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Our Silver Ware Cases will soon be open for inspection. A full branch of Sil Hollon ware, Knives, Forks, Castors, &c., will be opened at unheard of low prices.

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